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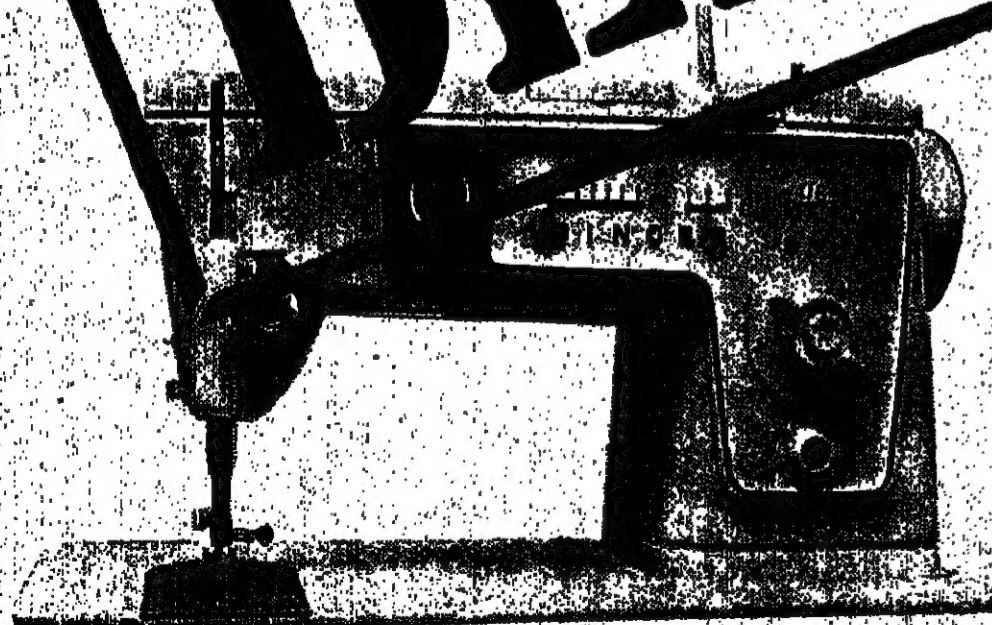
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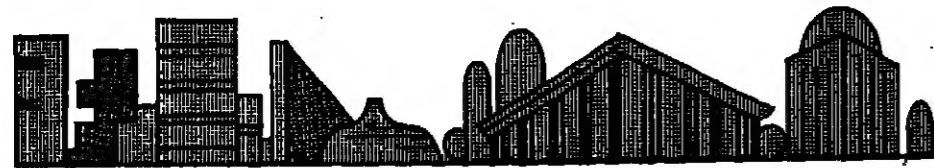
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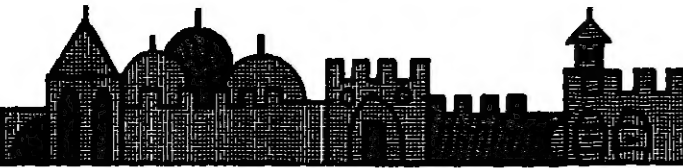
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★ Old City



★ Herodion



★ Dead Sea



★ Judean Desert



PALACE HEIGHTS — JERUSALEM

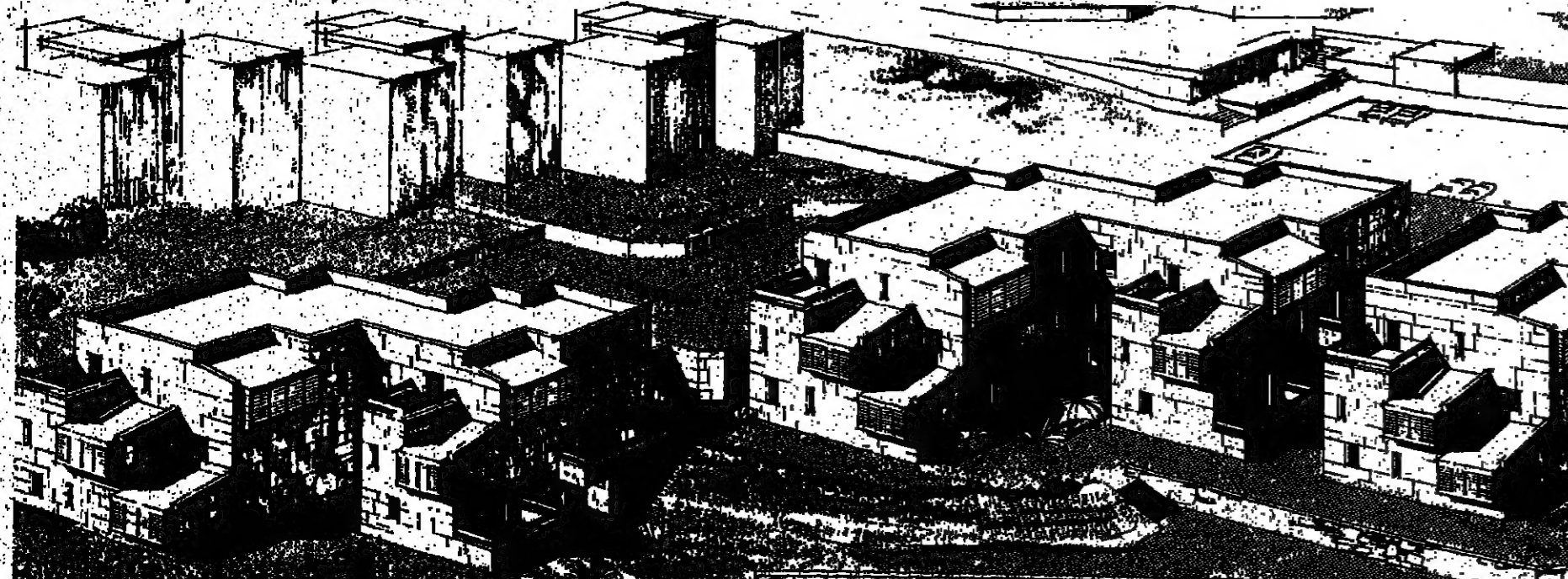
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KNESSET BUSY WITH ITSELF

IT has been said that the many strikes and poor work morale of the present period of time are the result of the comparative lull on our borders, just as the alleged presence of Jews in the Syrian-organized spy ring is blamed on it. The increasingly audible shuffling of feet in the Knesset as the parties manoeuvre for position far in advance of the coming elections is certainly due to the absence of war. One would like to think that it was due to an even greater degree to a feeling that the time may be approaching for important decisions concerning the entire future character of the state, and that the parties wish to be sure that their voices will be heard. The evidence does not run that way.

At the very top levels in the Alignment there may be something of the sort, but it is taking place within what is supposed to be a re-united party, and it is all the more confusing to the Coalition partners for that reason. Foreign Minister Eban has been making soothing noises to the BBC about the return of occupied areas, and the National Religious Party, while carefully avoiding the naming of names, protested promptly about statements being made that have not been agreed by the whole Cabinet. But it goes beyond that.

Of course there has never been a real political choice in the past. Before 1948 there was a period of violent debate on whether we wanted "Partition" — that is, a whole share in less than half the

mandated area. But when the time came and the British prepared to leave, and the Arab armies prepared to invade, where was the choice? Is any Arab state willing to agree explicitly to any arrangement that any party except Rakah could consider? Some Mapam speakers have been anxious that we should commit ourselves to returning most of the occupied areas, except for some strategic points, "after peace." Till this peace is in the offing then, there is still no choice. For good reason or not, the party shuffle is speeding up, and the Knesset is more concerned with its own organization than anything else.

WE do not know whether there will be any real choices between more security and more agreement, or whether the decisions will continue to be forced upon us by a totally intransigent Egypt and Syria and a Jordan too helpless and insecure to have any real choices of its own. In either case it will obviously be more convenient for the Alignment to have a majority in the Knesset and to have to worry only about the three-way split in its own ranks. For then the Coalition partners would suddenly lose all their power, which has always been based on the need for their presence to assure a majority.

For years Mr. Ben-Gurion, as Prime Minister, sought this ma-

majority in order to establish what he looked on as responsible government — with a majority, election promises would have to be carried out, with no hiding behind coalition partners who forced Mapam to water down programmes. He wanted to achieve it through a change in the election system to the constituency method, which tends to eliminate small groups and to produce two major alternative parties as in England and the U.S. His party as a whole was not noticeably enthusiastic, for some of the veteran representatives did not like the idea of members having to fight and win personally in their constituency, instead of gaining a safe place on the list and after that having to give no further direct thought to the voters.

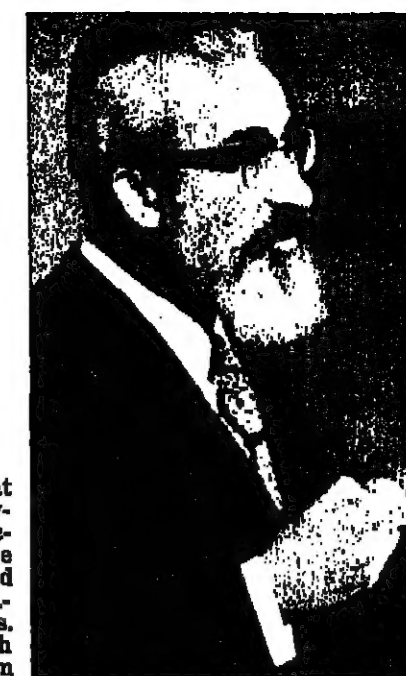
Nominally, the party still supports the change, but they allowed it to be buried down in a committee vote this week, which could have been prevented with a little effort. But who needs all that trouble — and to change the whole system would certainly be a major upheaval — when the Ofer-Bader gimmick about the surplus votes is on the books, and may just turn the trick and give the Alignment the four or five extra seats they need for an absolute majority?

Two of the younger and more independent-minded Mapam members, Dov Zakai and Hayka Grossman, have already said that this change should be postponed or at least reconsidered. This may be an indication that they do not view the Alignment with the rest of the Labour party as necessarily permanent and continue to think of Mapam as essentially a small party whose prospects are harmed by this change. Veteran party leader Yisroel Harel lost no time reminding them of their alignment obligations, and they returned to the fold.

MR. Shlomo Lorincz (Aguda) belongs to a four-member party, where every man counts. In 1969 their vote fell a little short of the number needed for four seats, but was near enough for the seat to be awarded. Under the changed law they would be likely to go down to three seats. Mr. Lorincz accordingly presented a private member's bill this week proposing that any change in the election law should require support by 80 members, not the simple majority needed now. In Belgium and Norway, he argued, the constitution can be changed only by a two-third majority, and after the election of a new parliament. In Switzerland, it needed a national referendum. (As a matter of fact it does not make a great deal of difference, because a determined simple majority can change the rules, and if necessary the rules for making rules.)

Mr. Moshe Baran (Alignment) interrupted to say that his party was considering the introduction of a referendum on the change. He also pointed out that the Alignment and Gahal between them have more than 80 votes, though they cannot always be got together, so what was the point of the bill?

Shlomo Lorincz: First of all, I wish to congratulate (in Hebrew, bless) Member Baran for com-



Aguda's Lorincz: every man counts for the small parties.



Labour's Baran: referendum about election system, not surplus votes bill.

mitting his party to a referendum on the surplus votes.

Moshe Baran: No, no, no! Shlomo Lorincz: No? You have changed your mind already?

Ben Zion Keshet: (Gahal) Then don't bless him!

Shlomo Lorincz: Then I will bless him for something else. I won't withdraw my blessing, but it won't be for this.

Moshe Baran: I meant (the referendum) about the election system, not the surplus votes bill.

Shlomo Lorincz: But if you are

sure you have 80 votes, why shouldn't you agree to my bill?

The answer to that one is easy — that they will not always be able to get the cooperation of Gahal. Most of the rest of the discussion consisted of insults heaped on Gahal for betraying the opposition and selling out to the Alignment. If the small parties keep it up, enough people in Gahal may get cold feet and the party may still withdraw from support of the bill.

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Registration of New Students for 1973-74
January 14-March 15, 1973.

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DIPLOMA STUDIES

The general University entrance examination for all registrants will be held on Monday, April 2, 1973. Departmental examinations will be held in the period April 1-5, 1973.

A general information brochure and application forms (price ILS.-) will be available in Hebrew from Sunday, January 14, 1973, at the following places (the English version is now in press):

1. Printing press of the Students' Association, University of Haifa.
2. Zohar, 22 Rehov Hahalutzim.

Haifa Bay: 3. Pinok Hanoar, 10 Rehov Wotomana, Kiryat Motzkin.
4. Zvi Greenbaum, Yair Hotel Building, 50 Rehov Yerushalayim. Students who are in the Armed Forces who apply through Military Mail will receive the brochure and forms free of charge.

مكتبة من الكتب

LEBANON'S TWO FACES

THE Lebanese like to compare themselves with the Phoenicians, the worldly merchant princes of Biblical days who carried their trade in sailing ships from Sidon and Tyre as far as Britain, taught the Greeks to write, and provided the building material for Solomon's Temple.

It is in the same tradition, say the Lebanese, that they play the role of "lions officer" between East and West — in modern terms, between the "Arab hinterland" and the rest of the world.

"This role," says an official guide to the country, "which has brought commercial benefits to Lebanon, has also given it an opening to all civilizations, a characteristic which is part and parcel of its humanism."

This self-image of a people of the East who lean toward the West, who enjoy the benefits of the trading life, who want to get along with everybody, is a rosy interpretation of a country of mixed population caught in the squeeze between the power politics of the Orient, which must please everyone if it wants to stay in business independently.

The ordinary visitor to Lebanon must find it hard to understand why Lebanon and Israel should remain enemies.

Western, not Arab

Beirut does not appear to be an Arab capital under siege, nor indeed an Arab capital at all. It is decidedly a Western city on the European model. Al Hamra, one of its main thoroughfares, combines features of Paris and Rome — elegant sidewalk restaurants flanked by tall, modern buildings crowded with people dressed in the latest fashions of the West. French is heard more often than Arabic with liberal sprinklings of English.

One can buy an Oriental meal, of course, but more often the cuisine is French and so is the level of service. Even at a Wimpy bar, customers are greeted at the door by a maitre d'hotel in a tuxedo.

Beirut is famous for its anything-goes nightclubs, its hundreds of intimate bars, and its big gambling casino. It also boasts some of the best bookstores outside New York, where magazines from all corners of the world are also available. You can't buy an Israeli newspaper or periodical in Beirut, but reading material on the Middle East conflict is prominent everywhere. Most of it, of course, presents the Arab point of view; but there is plenty of objective material from the West, and one can even find foreign-published material by Israeli authors.

The Lebanese people generally are just as open in voicing their

views of the conflict, of Israel, and of the Palestinians in their midst. The clear impression one gets from conversations with ordinary Lebanese in Beirut is an attitude of passivity toward Israel. Israel exists, it is powerful, in fact unbeatable, and is better left alone. If there were no agitation by the Big Powers, if the more militant Arab countries and the Palestinians would stop stirring things up, they say there would be no trouble between Lebanon and Israel.

Although Israeli soldiers often give chase to the terrorists inside Lebanese territory, Beirutis do not appear to hold the Israelis to blame, but those who provoked them, particularly the Palestinians are given refuge in Lebanon.

In a country of 2,500,000, some 200,000 Palestinians are extremely visible, especially near cosmopolitan Beirut, where one gigantic refugee camp is a vast and pitiful litter of makeshift shelters in an otherwise lovely forest.

The Beirutis may be passive about Israel, but they have strong opinions about the Palestinians.

"They are no good for Lebanon," complained one Christian Arab bitterly over a drink in a tavern. "They are no good for anything, except to cause us trouble." He asked the young man behind the bar, a Shi'ite Moslem and asked him "How do you feel about the Palestinians?"

The young man said nothing, but made a grimace of extreme distaste. Several times as we passed the Beirut refugee camps Moslem cab drivers made gestures to show their displeasure. This could have been construed as sympathy for the pitiful state of the camps, but one driver left no doubt of his meaning when he said: "Those are Palestinians. No good."



South Lebanon villagers cannibalize ruins of house blown up in Israel raid last September to build another structure. Photo was taken during writer's visit to Lebanon in December.

By Arnold Bruner

LEBANON has for many years restricted the movements of the Palestinian refugees, confining them to the camps and not permitting them to move from one to another — "to prevent overcrowding." Within the camps they are left pretty much alone. The camps, especially those to the south of Beirut, are centres for terrorist organizations.

One Beirut informant said the Palestinians are permitted to make their own distinct number plates for their vehicles.

"When the movement is short a few cars or jeeps," he said, "the order goes out to supply them. The guerrillas steal the cars and take them to the camps to have new number plates fixed."

Apart from their anxiety to stop the Palestinians from provoking Israel, many Lebanese see the presence of such a large mainly Moslem group as a potential threat to the country's internal stability, which depends on a maintenance of the precarious balance between Moslem and Christian interests.

Terrorist backers

The terrorist cause finds strong champions among the Sunni Moslems whose support is essential to the whole structure of government. At the same time, support of the terrorists as a cornerstone of the policy of Lebanon's belligerent and more powerful neighbour, Syria, which the government cannot risk offending too badly.

Caught in this squeeze, the official posture toward the Palestinians is that Lebanon regards them as "brothers," sympathizes with their struggle, and genuinely wants them to return to their own land.

There can be no complete peace in the Middle East, said an official source, unless the Palestine problem is resolved. Return to Palestine, he stressed, does not necessarily mean admitting all the refugees to the territory of Israel proper; it would be enough to resettle them in the occupied West Bank.

In the meantime official Lebanese policy is to restrain the Palestinians so as to avoid giving Israel an "excuse" to attack inside Lebanon.

The ultimate threat to the mind of Lebanese officials is that Israel could seize a sizeable slice of the southern border area to neutralize the terrorists, a threat made all the more real, they say, by the fact that the Israeli army already has established observation points inside Lebanese territory.

South of Beirut, along the grove-lined coastal road that leads down to Sidon and Tyre, there is ample evidence of Lebanon's determination to keep the border quiet. Check points, guarded by armed troops, stop all traffic at several points on the main road to prevent Palestinians and unauthorized arms from filtering into the south.

In the mountainous border region, following Israel's deep search-and-destroy attack in September, the terrorists, by agreement, have made themselves scarce. In the southeast, where Lebanon abuts on Syria, they still have freedom of movement under the watchful eyes of the army, but in the extreme south they are obliged to stay in their refugee camps, and the army is seeing to it that they don't stray. Villagers, many of whom are

still repairing damage to their homes caused by the September attack, claim that where there were once up to 1,000 guerrillas in some towns, now there are none.

In the second week of December when a band of Palestinians was seen drifting toward the border and refused an army order to leave the region, two days of fighting erupted, in which two soldiers and a reported six Palestinians were killed and several on both sides wounded.

The message was clear, Lebanon would do her part in continuing to provide refuge for the Palestinians, but they were not to disturb the peace by upsetting the Israelis.

WHAT does peace mean to the Lebanese? On the weekend of the fratricidal battle in the south, the Lebanese Bankers Association reported that in the third quarter of 1972, the value of stocks had increased by 228 per cent over the previous year, bank deposits were up 14 per cent, private car registration had increased 28 per cent, building permits would increase the area under construction by 145 per cent, and non-Arab tourism had improved by 30 per cent.

Few Lebanese in fun-loving, trade-minded Beirut would like to see that picture marred. In the south, a young school teacher who can see an Israeli border town from his window and has watched Israeli tanks rumble by his property, may have been expressing a view of the younger generation outside Beirut when he said he believed in the need for the Palestinians to meet the Israelis in open warfare. Only in that way would they return to their country. No, he personally would not join the battle, but he would give the Palestinians his moral support.

His elders in the room were not pleased by the mention of war. Perhaps their view, and the essence of Lebanon's assessment of its position in the Middle East squeeze were best summed up by the Beirut "Daily Star." It deplored the frequency of "accidents" in which brothers killed each other and added:

"Lebanon's best chance is to keep away from any limited or full-scale war in the Middle East. This, however, does not mean that Lebanon should fall in its duty to aid its brothers in every way short of becoming personally involved."

(By arrangement with the "Toronto Star")

Left: Lebanese soldiers patrol road near Tibna, South Lebanon, after battle with terrorists in December. At right, terrorist "Tiger Cubs" exercise before approving Beirut crowd in 1969. Many Beirutis now openly voice disapproval of the terrorists.

(Bruner, United Press International)



NO BREATHER IN THE NESHER BATTLE

Text:
Ya'acov Ardon

Photos:
Roy Brody

Left: Technion Prof. Zeev Navah amid pine trees of Mt. Carmel National Park. In background is the present Neshet quarry.



The protesters: Thousands attend Givat Hagavah rally, above. Technion Prof. John Wolberg, right, collects signatures on petitions. Below, Prof. Navah at abandoned quarry, which has been terraced and planted with hardy shrubs.

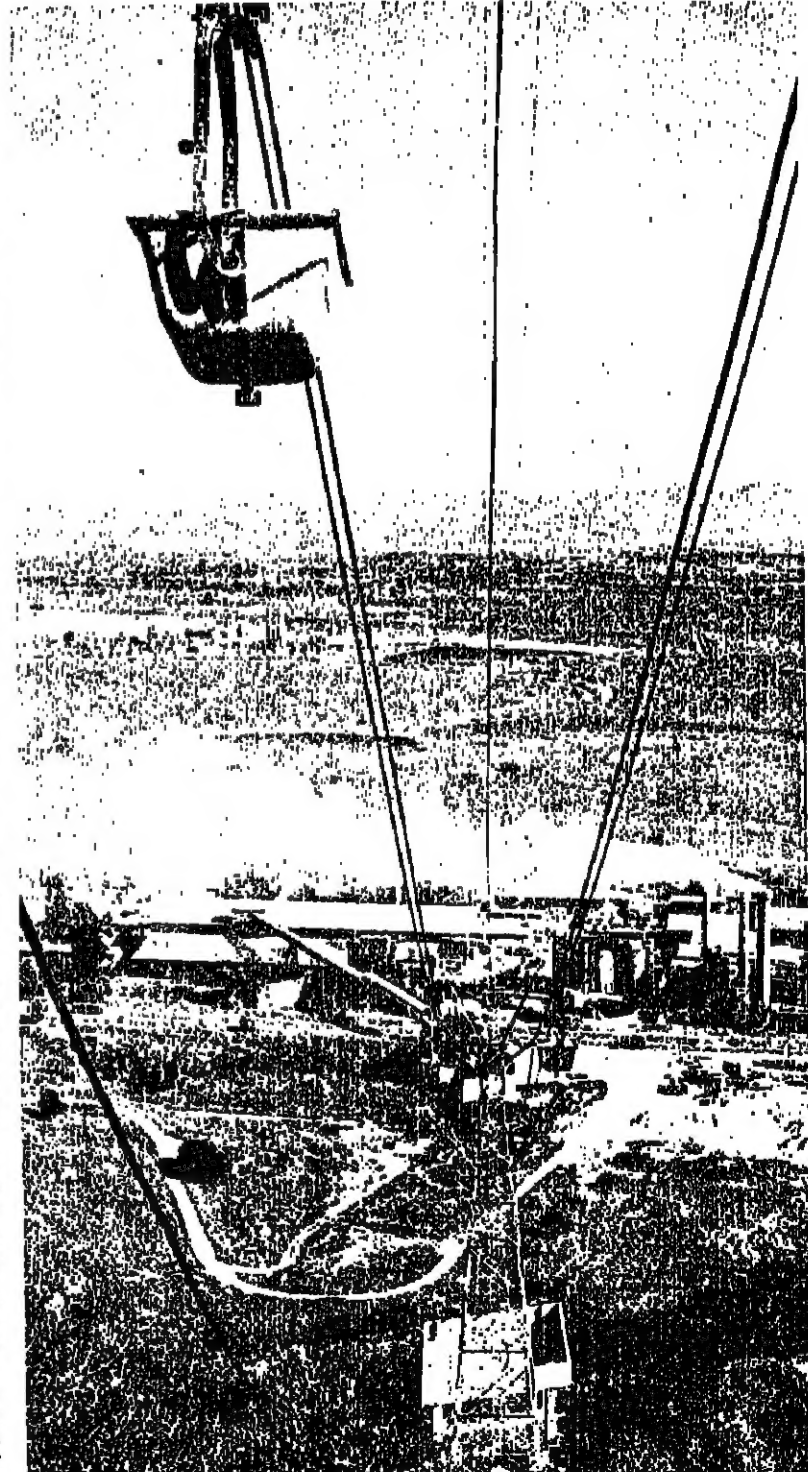
ISRAEL'S city dwellers are gasping for parks. A Ministerial committee will very soon decide whether the Neshet Cement Company should be given a slice of Mt. Carmel National Park to extend its limestone quarry uphill into the heart of the park.

The issue is not Haifa's alone. The physical needs of living people and industrial enterprises clash in many countries. Local and national governments must choose which comes first. If the choice is now made more often in favour of people, it is under the impact of a growing awareness that man and his environment are inseparable.

In Haifa, the issue has been obscured by the attempts of the Neshet Cement Company and the Haifa Labour Council to intimidate the public by the argument that the fate of the plant — and therefore of its workers and their families — is at stake. Is it? And if it were? Should not a Labour Council be concerned with the health and welfare of all the city's workers and their families? For if it were so concerned, it would see the conflict more fairly. Health and well-being, not just aesthetics are at stake.

Fortunately, Neshet and the Labour Council have between them supplied a persuasive argument in favour of shifting not only the quarry, but the plant as well. Making cement in Haifa costs IL7 more a ton than at Neshet's two other plants in the Central Region. The Haifa plant turns out 700,000 tons a year, a third of the total output. The country therefore has to pay an extra IL5m. a year for keeping the Haifa plant operating. The Labour Council's secretary, Eliezer Molk, says the equipment is obsolescent and many of the workers are getting old.

If it is true that Neshet has another four years to exhaust its present Mt. Carmel quarry the extra cost will be IL20m. not including interest and depreciation of the plant. Would another plant and another quarry not be cheaper in less time than the 50 years for which Neshet wants to go on quarrying in the National Park?



Aerial cable line carries quarried limestone down Carmel mountainside to Neshet cement plant. Opponents assert that easterly wind each day carries over 100 tons of cement dust into Haifa.

مكتبة القدس

Ambassador GIDEON RAFAEL suggests ways to utilize better the talents and experience of top-level diplomats on their return home.

THERE is a saying in Arabic: "If the Ambassador is late in coming back, it is good news." It may not always be good news for him: after long years of service abroad, he may be disappointed upon his return to find that his Ministry has no suitable appointment to offer him.

For several years he has been accustomed to direct the affairs of his mission; to be in charge of its staff; to conduct its relations with the high and the mighty; to personally Israel to Jews and non-Jews alike; to enjoy a privileged status; to be in the public eye; and, above all, to be in the midst of exciting action. Although the intentions of his Minister are conveyed to him in a daily flow of directives from Jerusalem, their execution is his responsibility, and his initiative, ingenuity and savoir faire have full play. In short, the Israel Ambassador belongs to that happy breed of men who rarely know a dull moment.

Yet who are the present Ambassadors of Israel? Where do they come from? What is their past and what are their prospects? Though their backgrounds may differ widely, they all have one thing in common: of them all, with one exception, are first-generation diplomats. Most of them have risen from the ranks of the Foreign Service; but there are others who have come from outside the Ministry.

They are usually appointed towards the end of their professional career, be it political, military or some other form of public service. They bring with them a wide variety of human experience, political astuteness, sometimes organizational talent, sometimes parliamentary know-how. Yet, in general, they lack a detailed and professional knowledge of the intricacies of Israel's foreign involvements, an adequate comprehension of world affairs and the capacity to cope with the multitude of Israel's requirements in unfamiliar circumstances, an aptitude which the career Foreign Service officer has acquired during long years of practical experience.

On the other hand, many a non-professional Ambassador is endowed with qualities which his professional colleague may be lacking. He may be more independent and unconventional in his approach and judgement. Where the professional may prefer careful probing, the uninitiated Ambassador may apply assault tactics; but if, in the course of his exercise, the wall comes crumbling down on him, he will be busy for quite a time digging himself out of the rubble.

Dangers of amateurs
Sir Harold Nicolson, an authority on diplomatic problems and practices, had little love for the amateur diplomatist. In his book "Diplomacy," he sounded a stern warning:

"It is not merely that the lack of knowledge and experience may be a disadvantage to their Governments, it is that the amateur diplomatist is apt out of vanity and owing to the shortness of his tenure to seek rapid successes; that he may cause offence when he wishes only to inspire geniality; that in his reports he may seek rather to display his own acumen and literary brilliance than to provide his Government with a careful and sensible balance-sheet of facts."

Whether or not this is true, the non-professional Ambassador, while serving abroad, may create problems for the authorities at home; but, upon his return, he does not cause a placement problem for the Ministry, because he is only a temporary employee. If he does not retire, he may either return to his previous

profession, or benefit from his newly gained experience and prestige to attain higher levels of political or other public activity.

THE situation of the returning career Ambassador, however, is quite different. His homecoming is more often the return, not of the prodigal son, but of the problem child. Not because he has failed in his foreign assignment; on the contrary, the more he excelled in the accomplishment of his task, the more difficult it is to find a post for him in the Ministry compatible with his achievements, standing and seniority.

Unlike other Foreign Services, the Israel Foreign Ministry is under constant pressure from its officers to be allowed to stay in

ing as deputy chief of mission — than at the Ministry's home office.

It is a peculiarity of the Israel Foreign Ministry that it manages to administer its missions all over the world with a relatively small staff in Jerusalem. This is certainly an achievement to be welcomed by the taxpayer; but it constitutes a constant headache for those who have the task of finding suitable assignments for returning senior officers.

Another peculiarity is that a country as small as Israel is compelled to maintain 94 missions abroad. It does so not merely "to show the flag," but because its adversaries conduct an unremitting, political, economic and propaganda campaign against it.

tions or compelling personal reasons. In a normal year, an average of 27 chiefs of missions are replaced: not more than six senior officials retire annually.

When an Ambassador's term is approaching its end, it is the practice for the Deputy Director-General in charge of administration to inform him of his future assignment, if a definite post is likely to be available. Not all chiefs of mission are in line for one of the 42 senior posts. Quite a number of Foreign Service officers who head a mission of minor importance have not yet reached the higher grades and are only accorded the acting rank of Ambassador or Consul-General during their service abroad. It does so not merely "to show the flag," but because its adversaries conduct an unremitting, political, economic and propaganda campaign against it.

Earlier retirement
To mention a few examples: first, the congestion already described in the placement of senior staff could well be alleviated by the introduction of a statutory sabbatical year, to be used for study, writing and a general recharging of run-down intellectual batteries. Then, the fixing of an earlier retirement age, with full pension rights, coupled with an obligation on the Ministry to help a retiring officer to find other work, would increase the availability of senior posts and reduce the surplus in the higher grades. The establishment of conditions of service, not only in terms of salary and allowances but, perhaps even more important, by the creation of educational facilities for children, and the introduction of a system of promotion which would accelerate the advance of the able and eliminate the inept — all this would help to improve the quality of the service and the efficiency of its officers.

SINCE legislation along these lines is not in sight, other possibilities must be explored. One of these would be a system of secondment to other Ministries and public bodies. A panel should be established under the direction of the Civil Service Commissioner, composed of the Deputy or Assistant Directors-General in charge of administration in the various Ministries, together with representatives of Government corporations, public institutions and experts in public administration. This panel should survey the opportunities over the next few years — three or even longer — for qualified officials for whom suitable employment cannot be found for the time being in their own organizations. The panel should tap the available possibilities and develop new ones. It should encourage and regulate the temporary or permanent exchange of staff between the different bodies. The intention is not to create a national dumping-ground for unemployable civil servants. On the contrary, the present practice of using personal influence and political pressure to get redundant, obnoxious or incompetent people transferred to other Ministries or public bodies as a reward for loyal but unsatisfactory service should be firmly rejected.

Orderly system
The establishment of an orderly and supervised system, based on objective standards, for the secondment of officials of worth to other Ministries and public institutions would certainly be of benefit all round. It would alleviate pressing personnel problems; it would utilize accumulated professional experience for the public good; it would widen the knowledge of the civil servant and allow the receiving institution to profit from fresh skills. Past experience — so far obtained only on a limited scale — has shown the feasibility and advantage of this concept. Foreign Service officers have been second-



Gideon Rafael, then Israel's Ambassador to the U.N., and Avraham Harman, at the time Ambassador to Washington, with Levi Eshkol when the late Prime Minister visited the U.S. in January, 1968.

their posts at home, and from those serving abroad to be brought back early. There are several reasons for this. Parents want to provide their children with a Hebrew education, which is difficult to do abroad. They want to be with their children in Israel while they are doing their military service. Moreover, the Israeli likes to be in the middle of things, where the action is, and that is on the home front. He prefers the excitement and creativity of life in Israel and is generally not drawn by the attractions of embassy life. His ambition is not affluence. In any case, he does not enjoy higher remuneration abroad: the Israel Ambassador is normally underpaid, regularly understaffed and usually overburdened.

In short, the trend in the Israel Foreign Service is more inward than outward. But this is only one of the problems with which the personnel and appointments officers at the Ministry have to cope. The principal difficulty in finding suitable posts for returning Ambassadors stems from the structure of the Ministry and its conditions of service. Israel maintains 94 missions abroad: they include embassies, consulates and two permanent delegations at the United Nations — one in New York, the other in Geneva. On the other hand, the central administration of the Ministry in Jerusalem has an establishment of only 42 senior posts. There are, therefore, more than twice as many top posts available abroad — not counting Ministers and Counsellors serv-

ing as deputy chief of mission — than at the Ministry's home office.

Vital assets
Israel's missions abroad, however, cannot be regarded as being a Treasury liability: they are part of the infrastructure of the Government's foreign economic activities for the attainment of its defence requirements and its fund-raising campaigns. They are high-interest-bearing assets, maintained by a minimal investment.

These two peculiarities — a relatively small staff at home and an expanded service abroad — form the dilemma for the returning Israel Ambassador and his colleagues in the Ministry dealing with administrative and staff matters. A great deal of thought is given to the planning of appointments at home and abroad: rotation schedules are worked out far in advance. The duration of a tour of service abroad has been fixed at between three and five years. All this is done to facilitate the rotation of Foreign Service personnel and to smooth their reabsorption into the Ministry when they return home.

But even the best-laid plans are upset from time to time because of the limited number of senior posts available at home, or by unforeseen circumstances such as a rupture of diplomatic rela-

are available in the Ministry. For them the difficulty is mainly one of adjustment to office routine where "His Distinguished Excellency" must get used to the idea that, at least for the time being, he is an "Extinguished Ambassador," though still a very valuable member of the Ministry's head office staff.

Senior members of the Service. They have spent most of their adult professional life abroad on responsible duty for their country. Their claim to recognition of their accomplishments, and to a proper utilization of their talents, is justified. Many of them have become masters of their craft. But the limited number of suitable posts in the Ministry impedes the fulfilment of their rightful aspirations and prevents them from making the best use of their skills.

Two facts are obvious: the situation demands urgent attention; and the solution cannot be found solely within the Foreign Ministry itself. Makeshift arrangements such as temporary assignments of limited scope and responsibility, are generally unsatisfactory. An extended period of professional life, until a suitable post becomes vacant causes frustration and resentment and affects the morale of the whole Service.

The problem must be tackled radically within a wider framework. Foreign Ministries in most advanced countries are administered today under a For-

ign Service Act. This takes into account the special requirements of the Foreign Service as regards professional training, conditions of service and other matters peculiar to this branch of Government service, whose officials spend the greater part of their career abroad in a state of organized migration. This situation, and other requirements of the service, differ fundamentally from those of the home civil servant. An Israel Foreign Service Law would greatly facilitate the solution of a number of the problems with which the Foreign Ministry has been struggling since its inception.

BY 1967 Moshe was about to retire as Chief of Staff, in line with the army's policy of rotation. I had so many fears as I passed my twenty-first wedding anniversary and approached my fortieth birthday, and one of them concerned Moshe's future. His life as a fighting man had fascinated and suited him; what was going to happen now? How would he bridge this gap? And to what?

Once before, when political considerations had crossed my life with Moshe, I had gone to David Ben-Gurion for help — that day after the Acre trial, with Yael crawling on the floor. In the autumn of 1957 I again went to see him, this time at his home.

Ben-Gurion was in the kitchen washing dishes. I did not know exactly what I had come for, but I wanted some sort of help. To Ben-Gurion, standing at the sink, I said, "Moshe is facing a gap now that he's finishing as Chief of Staff, and that can be terrible for him. How do you see his future?"

"You shouldn't worry about Moshe," said Ben-Gurion. "He won't get lost. A break of some kind at this point is probably going to be good for him. He's thinking of studying at the University."

"There's talk of that, but I think it's a lot of nonsense. After everything he's done, I know Moshe can't sit quietly in a classroom and read textbooks. It's just not possible and I know it." I turned out to be right about this. I am afraid, a habit of mine that has always annoyed Moshe.

Gossip ignored
Ben-Gurion was aware of the rumours surrounding Moshe, but gossip and small talk had no meaning for him. His concerns were on another level entirely: able possibilities and develop new ones. It should encourage and regulate the temporary or permanent exchange of staff between the different bodies. The intention is not to create a national dumping-ground for unemployable civil servants. On the contrary, the present practice of using personal influence and political pressure to get redundant, obnoxious or incompetent people transferred to other Ministries or public bodies as a reward for loyal but unsatisfactory service should be firmly rejected.

This time — it was to be different a few years later when I once again went to Ben-Gurion — no word of this passed between us. Now, at least, I showed some self-restraint and talked only about Moshe's career. Ben-Gurion commented on our conversation to his associate — who later passed his remark on to me. It is one compliment I never forgot: "I admire this woman not for what she said, but for what she didn't say."

In 1963 a young woman published a thinly disguised autobiographical novel about a girl soldier and a famous one-armed fighting general. It caused less of a stir in Israel society than might have been expected. Daily reported in the local press and eagerly read by teenagers, it is today barely remembered by well-informed adults. This shows, I think, the realism of the Israeli public. After all, this was some years before the wave of permissiveness which has since swept the world, and in another country

there would have been a great outcry. The story behind the book goes all the way back to Nahalal, and ahead to Ben-Gurion at Claridge's Hotel in London. For the young woman who wrote the book had just married and borne a child to a schoolmate of Moshe's at Nahalal, an officer who was devoted to Moshe. The trouble was that by the time he met this young woman, he was already married and a father. Romantic and highly principled, he left his family and asked for a divorce.

Letter to B-G
When his wife left him for Moshe, he wrote a long letter to Ben-Gurion, pouring out his pain and disillusionment and referring to the Biblical story of David and Bathsheba. In a detailed reply he understood the anguish felt by the officer; but, he explained, the ways of historical figures are often different from those of ordinary citizens. "Their private and their public lives run parallel, but they never meet," wrote Ben-Gurion. He gave the example of Lord Nelson (also wounded in one eye) whose affair with Lady Hamilton did not detract from his heroic stature, "even in puritanical England." And Ben-Gurion took up the reference to David, whose private life is well covered in the Bible: "Whatever David did in his lifetime, remember that today we sing, 'David lives today, and is alive!'"

A copy of Ben-Gurion's letter came to me before the young woman's book was published, and at about this time the Ben-Gurion and I happened to be abroad. In London, during the same week, I went to pay a call on them at Claridge's, in whose unaccustomed luxury they were staying. It is a good guess that the Scotland Yard detectives and the richly decorated suite escaped Ben-Gurion's notice, just as many human weaknesses failed to interest him.

Once again I did not know just what I wanted to ask, but I said, "Please don't go writing long letters to people." For by expressing his own philosophical viewpoint, I wanted to pick out, Ben-Gurion was in effect giving his stamp of approval to a man he considered above the common law. Ben-Gurion was aware of, if disinterested in, the friction in our family life: Paula, who had a lively interest in what was going on, occasionally slipped some gossip to him.

From her room in the suite, Paula called to the next room, where we were sitting, "Are you still having trouble with your daughter?" It was the famous, direct, Paula Ben-Gurion approach. Everyone knew that Yael lived a free adventurous life; she had already written about it in her first novel. I began to cry, as I often did whenever anyone criticized my daughter. Ben-Gurion dismissed the interruption. He was not concerned with young girls but with Moshe.

"You must get used to the idea," he said, turning to the central

problem and quoting himself, "that in the case of great men, the private and public lives will often run parallel but will never meet."

It was not difficult for Ben-Gurion to make this rational point. Anyone not hopelessly involved emotionally could see it in such terms. Perhaps even Moshe did. But my world had collapsed. Each day was a form of dying, and even more so the nights. I seemed to be drifting towards some terrible disaster, and at the same time all I could do was wait, wait endlessly. I felt as though I were being punished for loving. Searching for help and advice, I knew there was no such thing. And as I lived more and more in the public eye, this is now I continued to feel.

But the years have done their work, and have finally accomplished what I once never dreamed could be done — put the shattered pieces together again in a new pattern of survival. Today I can still relive the anguish of that time, but I am no longer the same helpless woman. Today, when I recall Ben-Gurion's letter and his references to David and Bathsheba, I am also capable of noting that a curious Biblical footnote is in order.

For Joab, the "captain of the host" after whom our street in Zahala is named, was entangled in an unhappy exchange of letters with King David during an early war — with the Ammonites — when Uriah the Hittite, Bathsheba's first husband, was sent to his death: "And it came to pass in the morning, that David wrote a letter to Joab, and sent it by the hand of Uriah. Then David said unto the messengers, Thus shall thou say unto Joab, Let not this thing displease thee, for the sword devoureth one as well as another... But the thing that David had done displeased the Lord." (Second Samuel, 11:14-26).

LESS than sixteen years after the day of the encounter at the Dan Hotel, I did decide to divorce Moshe. The newspapers, both in Israel and abroad, had a wonderful time speculating on the reasons and on our separate futures. I read some of these stories with amusement and with the realization that it is best not to believe much of what you read in the papers on personal matters.

The correspondence between Ben-Gurion and the disillusioned husband was published, right after the divorce, in an Israeli weekly that deals with sensationalism. Printed with this exchange was a letter I myself had from a hysterical girl who demanded to know why my husband had hung up on her. I told her that I really had no idea why he would do such a thing and suggested she call him at his office; by this time I had developed a sense of humor about what once seemed a never-ending tragedy. The girl insisted on seeing me immediately because she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. "That husband

of yours is deceiving me with another woman," she screamed. I wanted to laugh, but I said sympathetically, "These things do happen." I suggested that she take a sabbatical and lie down. What a child he is, I thought as I put down the phone. And this girl, whose voice sounded to me ordinary and immature, had had a well-publicized affair with Moshe. Perhaps it would all have been easier for me if only my husband had picked women who were beautiful, charming, and desirable.

For many years I tried to protect Moshe from himself as much as I could; and I saw to it that the legend always had his favourite cookies, and cornflakes and milk. For myself, except for one fleeting romantic episode, I avoided emotional entanglements. I dislike the role of puritan and would prefer to have behaved differently, not for revenge, but to restore my self-confidence. Affairs with married men are not for me. I would never hurt another woman in the way I have been hurt. Moshe often telephoned from home to the woman of his longest-lasting romance, and I heard these conversations because he was never concerned about such details as lowering his voice. This woman, too, would complain that he was "deceiving" her with yet another woman. He used to tell her not to believe such stories; and I heard these exchanges.

Reaching a decision
I learned to live with this — though it was not really living. Far more important, as the years went by, I also learned that there were more and more things that I was capable of doing, and on my own. That, very briefly, was why I finally made the decision I did: because the price of living with a legend can be too great.

Sixteen years after the Dan Hotel episode, I was also no longer so naive. Moshe's attitude toward women is not so different from the general rule; what is different is the power of his appeal, and the fact that he himself believes what Ben-Gurion described: that his public genius and his personal inclinations are entirely separate. He is also convinced, and circumstances support him in this, that his importance to the nation somehow excuses him from ordinary

(Continued on page 10)
Earlier in this chapter of the book, Ruth Dayan describes how she was entering the lobby of the Dan Hotel for a meeting with representatives of the Finance Ministry about Maskit's budget on a sunny afternoon in November 1958, when an Italian journalist came up to her and said he wanted to ask a personal question: "I would like to be the first to know about your divorce," and this was the first she heard of "Moshe's exploits with women" that (later) provided newspapers all over the world with copy.

the only one I granted to any journalist some people could not understand why I did such a thing; others understood the reason well. I knew that this material, and worse, had long been in the hands of the editor; and I knew it would not be published so long as Moshe and I remained married. What I wanted was to show that I, who had just left our home, would never be the source of an attack on Moshe; on the contrary, I had long been unhappy, but that was my personal problem. I had, in a way, made Ben-Gurion's "parallel lines" a reality in my own life. From now on Moshe would be for me only a national leader. The other part was finished.

'Public property'
In this interview I said, "For a long time now I have lived with the deep conviction that Moshe has left the realm of private life and become a kind of public property that belongs to the entire nation — and, in a way that is rather well known, to all the women of the world. In the good sense, and in the bad. No matter how he behaves, he will be forgiven. I think I truly know him better than anyone else does, and I certainly would not include him among the saints. But I believe in him."

"Is Moshe today the same man he was when you married him thirty-seven years ago?" was one of the direct and provocative questions I was asked in the interview. "Certainly not," I answered. And this fact accounts, I think, for the long road people travel between marriage and divorce. Sometimes people just do not know each other when they marry, but I knew Moshe and he knew me, as we were then. We have both changed, though in him the change has been extreme, and in me I think much less so.

I loved Moshe for his dedication and his simplicity. He is not to blame that his historical role has elevated him to dizzying heights since then, and that this fact has changed him. My mother has said it: "When Ruth married him, Moshe did not have 'charisma'."

The Moshe I once knew shines out from those letters he wrote me from prison in Acre, and those thin, faded sheets pasted into an album are among the most precious things I own. As his legend grew, women who had never so much as set eyes on him wrote Moshe love letters. Sometimes, incredible as it sounds, they even appealed to me for help. Not long before our divorce I received a phone call from a hysterical girl who demanded to know why my husband had hung up on her. I told her that I really had no idea why he would do such a thing and suggested she call him at his office; by this time I had developed a sense of humor about what once seemed a never-ending tragedy. The girl insisted on seeing me immediately because she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. "That husband

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RUTH DAYAN discusses her marriage and divorce in the third excerpt from her book, 'Or did I dream a dream?' — by Ruth Dayan with Jerusalem Post staff writer Helga Dudman, published last week by Weidenfeld and Nicolson, Jerusalem, together with Steimatzky's Agency. Previous extracts appeared in The Jerusalem Post on January 21 and 26.



مركز العمل

TORA AND FLORA

Return of Ambassador

Portion of the Week: — Mishpatim Exodus 21:1 — 23:13
Hallelukah (New Moon), Isaiah 66:1 — end.

The verse discussed is Isaiah 66:17

"In a sorry state indeed is the dough which the baker himself condemns," says a popular Talmudic proverb, and this week I fall into the category of that baker who condemns his own product. My purpose in writing this column is to reveal the wealth of references to flora in the Bible and Talmud, to show how much the rabbis were inspired by the phenomena of Nature, and to establish a bond of love between the flora of Israel and the people of Israel. And yet I cannot resist the temptation to give a beautiful interpretation of a difficult verse in Shabbat Rosh Hodesh, which I once heard, though it runs entirely counter to the purpose of this column and sets up an antagonism between Tora and Flora.

The verse, in its accepted translation, reads "They that sanctify themselves and purify themselves in the gardens, behind one tree in the middle, eating swine's flesh, the abomination, and the mouse" (Is. 66:17). What is the possible connection between the two halves of this verse? The first seems to be entirely praiseworthy — what can be more praiseworthy than self-sanctification and self-purification? — it suggests, if that is the correct meaning of the words, that the inspiration behind this desirable spiritual process is a beautiful garden, and particularly one special tree in the middle of it. And yet the second half of the verse accuses them of eating those things which are most repulsive to the Jew — and not merely on account of the dietary laws — swine's flesh and "abominations" in general, of which the mouse is singled out.

That interpretation which I heard establishes the connection between the two. There are many people who claim that they have no need for organized religion in order to establish communion with God. They can find it in Nature, in "the gardens," and the sight of a particularly beautiful tree is a powerful influence towards the self-sanctification and the self-purification which they seek. There, under God's sky and in the presence of His bounties they find all they need. But alas, it does not work out — at least to that person who sees in Judaism a discipline and a way of life. It may lead to a reverence of God — does not the Talmud prescribe a blessing when one sees the trees bursting into blossom? — but it does not lead to the Jewish way of life, but to "eating swine's flesh, and the abomination, and the mouse!"

L.I. RABINOWITZ

Ruth Dayan

(Continued from page 9)
human standards. Yet I have never regretted our life together and if I were asked to relive it all over again, I would not choose otherwise.

When I finally used to fall asleep in the nights after the Sinai period, my dreams were horrible, full of scenes of drowning and being unable to cry for help. Two nights after our divorce I had a dream of a very different quality; again it was strange and eerie, but this time the strangeness was not of death but rather of historical permanence.

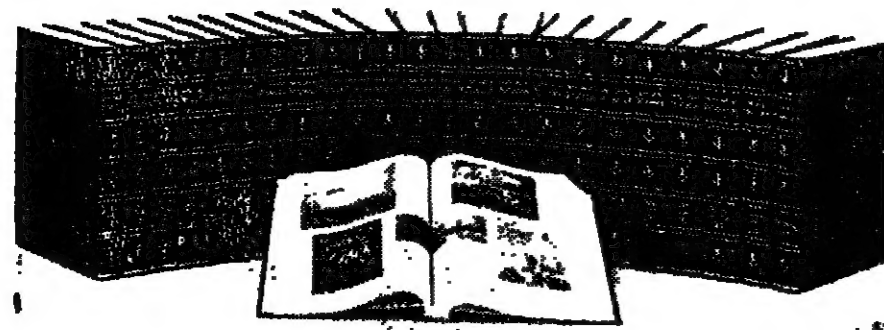
I dreamed that I was with Udi and that we had to go to the house in Zahala for something, though in my dream I know I no longer lived there. What we saw, Udi and I, was that all of

Moshe's antiquities had grown larger and larger so that now they were towers and steeples and even minarets extending from our house, and it looked like a mysterious city rooted in the past and rising into the future. "Look, Udi!" I said, "It is *Ir Moshe*." — The City of Moshe. For in Hebrew we say "Ir David" for Jerusalem, the City of David.

In last week's extract on Moshe Dayan's imprisonment in Acre, the young man caught with him was incorrectly identified — by The Jerusalem Post — as Yigael Yadin. In fact, his name was Mordechai Sukenik, no relative of Yigael Sukenik, as he was then. The error does not appear in the book.

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PAGE ELEVEN

مركز الأخبار

Autobiography of a reader

By Shlomo Grodzensky

SHLOMO Grodzensky, who died on Shvat 22—February 7, 1972, shortly after his 57th birthday, was one of the most enchanting and original minds in modern Hebrew letters. He was that rare combination, a true non-conformist with deep and abiding personal values, a man of profound and real emotion, who none the less loved people and found life itself endlessly interesting. His formal education came more or less to a stop when, at the age of 12, he was brought from his birthplace in Grodno, Lithuania to the U.S.

But Shlomo's informal education never ceased. To the day of his death he was a passionate and curious student — and an unforgettable and inimitable teacher. A hook which had meant something to Shlomo was like a dear friend whom he never forgot. If he had read it in 1925 or 1945, he remembered it with the freshness of first love, and usually had it somewhere on his crowded shelves which were slowly but surely filling up every bit of space in his house.

As soon as he was old enough to get his working papers, at the age of 14 or 15, he dropped out of elementary school and worked at a whole series of odd jobs, tying packages in stores, polishing metal watch-cases, etc. Around 1928 he began to work as a translator and part-time editor for the Pioneer Women's Journal and for the Labour Zionist Yiddish Journal, the "Yiddisher Kompter" in New York. From 1935 until his allya to Israel in 1951, he was the "Kompter's" Managing Editor.

He came to Israel at the invitation of Mapai, to edit the now-defunct afternoon party newspaper, "Hador." His life in Israel was by no means an unending diet of milk and honey. His sticky integrity and faithfulness to his inner vision did not always sit well together with the Establishment, which alternately admired and rejected him, but always, no matter how infuriated, read him. He was with "Hador" for only a few months; his idea of a



newspaper and that of the party leadership did not at all coincide.

In the autumn of 1951 he became Editor of the Hata-drut publishing house Am Oved, where he remained until, after another long dispute with the party, he again

resigned. For about a year and a half after that he was unemployed, except for occasional free-lance work. Some time in 1959 he joined the staff of the Hata-drut news paper, "Davar," where he continued working until his retirement in June, 1970. His literary-political essays, which appeared in the pages of "Davar," ranged across the whole of Jewish and world literature, of Jewish and world values. Marked always by his wonderful wit, his zest for life, his hatred of cant and meaningless convention, and, above all, his love of people, these essays are an invaluable literary treasure.

From 1962 until 1965, part of the time while on leave from "Davar," Shlomo was Editor of "Ammot," a Hebrew bi-monthly sponsored by the American Jewish Committee (which publishes "Commentary" in the U.S.). He was a brilliant editor, as the numerous moving testimonials from the writers who worked with him have confirmed. In "Ammot" he introduced a number of innovations to Hebrew journalism, among them a department called "Eduyot" — "Eye-Witness." Here he had an opportunity to realize his oft-repeated conviction that in the lives of ordinary Jews were stories far more fascinating and significant than any fiction.

After his retirement in 1970 he started out on a wholly new career as a radio commentator on Galil Zahal (the Armed Forces Radio Station). His bi-weekly programmes, "Al Kol Panim," and his monthly programme, "Ammot," had a wide and enthusiastic radio audience. They were a continuation of his true vocation, an unending and affectionate Socratic dialogue with his fellow beings.

"Autobiography of a Reader" originally appeared in two instalments in "Ammot" in 1964-65, and in a third instalment in "Davar" in 1967. The following extracts from "Autobiography" were translated by his wife, Pearl, L.B.Y.

I SPENT my first school years at the beginning of the second decade of our century in a "heder metukan" (modern religious school, where Hebrew was studied as a language etc.) in the city where I was born, Grodno. One has to go into lengthy explanations in order to locate Grodno in a definite country or state. When I was a child it was Great Russia, Czarist Russia; after the First World War, when I was no longer there, it became independent Poland; and now it is Soviet White Russia; but on the Jewish map it was then, and always has been, Lithuania, the land of the "Litvaks." I was about eight or nine years old when I began to study modern Hebrew literature from a reader called "First Chapters" put together by the author Ya'acov Flehman.

The name of my teacher in the heder metukan was, if I am not mistaken, Brod. Whether he was exacting or easy-going I can't say with any certainty. I remember him with fondness and gratitude as my teacher of Hebrew literature, not for his own merits but for his having been a kind of midwife or medium. He introduced me to Hebrew literature, my first literature, and in general to the "sweet anodyne of words," as Ya'acov Steinberg called it in his poem, "With a Book at Twilight."

"I sit at the window absorbed in a book. Like light, the sweet anodyne of words fills my eyes. In one of the lessons in the heder metukan I heard the name Blalik for the first time. After reading the poem "Night Elves," the teacher told us about the great poet, the greatest of the Hebrew poets, living in Odessa, the owner of a printing press.

Pumped teacher

When school was out, I walked my teacher home and went on pumping him persistently about the poet. Again I don't remember whether he was patient or short with me in his answers as we walked along the shaded sidewalks of Sofitskaya or Sadovskaya Street on that spring or summer afternoon.

Nor can I say what my teacher's taste was in literature. Only years later, when I was far from Grodno and would recall those years in the heder metukan and my teachers there with poignant longings, when I would leaf through the same wonderful "Chrestomathy" (anthology of readings) as at times I do even today, would I try to recon-

struct the spiritual figure of my first teacher in my imagination. The reconstruction was, of course, very arbitrary, since it was a mechanical composite portrait of the common features of a certain type and some traits which were uniquely individual. I surmise that he was then between 30 and 40, that he was born in the seventies or eighties of the last century, a product of the heder and the yeshiva, and that he had acquired a moderate education. He probably was an old reader of the periodical "Hashilo'ah," and perhaps read, or did not read, Russian and even German. Without doubt his eyes saw things that were hidden from my childish eyes: the grey poverty, the provincial boredom, the stifling atmosphere of the Pale of Settlement. Perhaps something of this adult way of seeing things penetrated those lessons in literature, but it never reached me. What was his purpose in teaching modern Hebrew literature — to develop our sensitivity to beauty, to deepen our Jewish ties, or to train us for participation in the longed for revolution in Jewish life?

Revolution and Zion

One day, to my great joy, I found a way out. I saw a notice about a meeting of the Labour Zionists in honour of the Russian Revolution. I had no idea who the Labour Zionists were. The puzzling combination of Russian Revolution and Zion, however, although still vague, flashed as a logical solution to my dilemma. I stole into the hall almost furtively, and attended the meeting, the first in my life. Two speakers were addressing the audience on the downfall of the Romanov empire. The first was Alexander Hashin of the Second Aliya, who was one of the regular contributors to "Ahdut," the Labour Zionist weekly which appeared in Jerusalem. Hashin wrote fine essays on literary subjects under the name Z. Averbuch. Later, after the Revolution, he returned to Russia, joined the Communist Party which he served faithfully, and met his end in a Stalinist prison. I don't remember a word of what he said, but I can still visualise him with his beautiful head of chestnut hair, his graceful and delicate body; I can almost recall his musical voice. I do remember, however, one sentence of the second speaker, Nachman Syrkin, who, in contrast to Hashin, was clumsy in appearance, almost uncouth — he had a massive head framed in a beard, a pot-belly and heavy legs, and moved with ungainly energy. I saw him from the back of the hall. From close up, as one can see from photographs, what stood out about him was the intellectual concentration in the gaze of the eyes. Syrkin spoke at length about the historical and universal importance of the Russian Revolution which was finally taking place — but, as for the Jews, he went on to say: "In the days of the Czar you could really see signs in Moscow — Jews and dogs not allowed. Today our status has been equalized with that of all Russian citizens." Perhaps his way of putting it was awkward, maybe even crude. But at that time I must confess that I was enchanted by the keen, dry wisdom of his parable.

Different influences

When at the age of 12 I was brought to the U.S. and compelled to attend elementary school, I continued with my Hebrew studies for some time in an evening school. There I was very critical of the direction and the contents of the lessons, the concepts and ideas of my teachers. I came under different influences. The first of these was almost ideological — the encounter with a democratic country turned me into a complete professional revolutionary. We had arrived in New York at the beginning of 1917, right after the U.S. entered the war and several months before the outbreak of the Russian Revolution. Every corner of our busy Jewish neighbourhood was humming with lively discussions and heated debates coming from numerous speakers' stands. I orientated myself very quickly and enthusiastically in the dashes between parties and splinter groups, most of them Left wing. Naturally no patriotic, capitalist, imperialist party could find a foothold in the immigrant neighbourhood. It took me no time at all to take a short-cut position — anti-war, of course, in the spirit of the Zimmerwald Conference. In houses of friends and acquaintances clothed with Russian inscriptions — "Long Live the Russian Revolution!" This was easy to understand. I was com-

pletely won over, although the question tormented me as to how to fit this in with what I had carried away from the heder metukan. The soap-box orators, the Russian revolutionary proclamations, the adult conversations at table after work and on Sundays (the Shabbat had vanished as if it had never been) — all of these were completely alien to the world of "First Chapters."

The open-shelf system, and I could wander freely from shelf to shelf, through my spoken English was still halting and funny, I became an avid reader of English books. The impulse for it came in a strange way. In the newspaper of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, "Gerechtigkeit," which I used to borrow from one of the neighbours, I read a series of articles by the poet A. Gants-Layevs on modern American poetry: Edgar Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, Amy Lowell, Ezra Pound, Wallace Stevens, John Gould Fletcher. This poetry was then in the making, just coming into being. I hurried to the public library and buried myself in the poetry section. I was already at home in our neighbourhood public library, which was virtually a school for me, almost my only school. In as was the custom in those days American public libraries they have

ISRAEL — PEOPLE AND STATE

PROBLEMS AND PROSPECTS
FOR THE NEXT 25 YEARS

PUBLIC DEBATE (in Hebrew)

On Thursday, February 15, 1973 at 8.00 p.m.
at the Mann Auditorium (Hechal Hatarbut) Tel Aviv,
with the participation (subject to change) of:

Prime Minister

GOLDA MEIR

Chief Rabbi
SHLOMO GOREN

Minister
Dr. JOSEPH BURG

Member of Knesset
MENACHEM BEGIN

Professor
NATHAN ROTENSTREICH

Moderator: MORDECAI C. STERN, Chairman of the Forum.

Entry tickets from FORUM FOR JEWISH THOUGHT
(also by mail or phone), 58 Rehov Brandeis, Tel Aviv (near
Zafon Cinema, buses 5, 14, 25) Tel. 442380, 9 a.m.-2 p.m. and
5-7 p.m.

Who pays the Trotskys' bills?

THOUGH Stalin was probably one of the biggest mass-murderers of all times, he succeeded in keeping millions of people, both in and outside Russia, in his spell. The October Revolution, with which he was for a long time the only surviving link, continued to reflect its glory on the Workers' Fatherland and its leader, the ingenious Builder of Socialism. With his death 20 years ago and the subsequent de-Stalinization, the spell was broken and the lustre of revolutionary Russia tarnished.

The new leaders, who had not personally participated in the Revolution, have been, at best, capable but dull managers and guardians of Socialist achievements, but certainly not inspiring leaders of World Revolution. The revolutionaries of the post-Stalin era were therefore compelled to look for new idols. For in spite of their professed "scientific" way of thinking, their stress on impersonal social and economic forces which, theoretically, diminish the importance of the role of the individual, hero-worship is nowhere more bigoted and more irrational than in their circles. Chairman Mao and Fidel Castro can fill the vacuum but — because they have been successful, are still alive, and are, or may become, the exponents of yet another establishment — only to a certain extent.

The safest way is therefore to turn to the dead whose aspirations have not been realized, who have been losers, whose revolutionary ideals have remained pure, not tainted by the compromises of governmental politics, and who cannot be identified with any establishment.

This may explain the unceasing flow of books on and by the long-dead giants of Anarchism and Socialism. Among the latter nobody is better suited to fill the part of new idol than Leon Trotsky. Not only was he one of the makers of the Great Revolution, but he also became the martyr par excellence for its purity. As the father of the theory of "permanent revolution" he was hated by the capitalist bourgeois establishment as well as by the followers of "true" Leninism, who expelled, persecuted and finally murdered him — and thereby, unintentionally, preserved his glamour and cleared the way for his resurrection as the champion of the authentic revolutionary spirit.

Francis Wyndham and David King have made a book which fits this pattern beautifully. It is a very fashionable book: the large size, the quasi-artistic design, the abundance of photographs — some of them unquestionably of great historical value, others of poor quality



TROTSKY, a documentary by Francis Wyndham and David King, N.Y.: Praeger, 204 pp. \$12.50.

TROTSKY AND THE JEWS by Joseph Nedava, Ph.D., Ph.D., Jewish Publication Society, 290 pp. \$5.

Reviewed by
Yohanan Eldad

I once read somewhere that a biography of Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin should start with the removal of their "Marxist beards and moustaches" behind which their human faces are concealed. To use this figure of speech, Wyndham and King have shampooed, curled and fashioned Trotsky's Marxist beard and consequently exposed him to the camera for pictures in black and white and colour from all angles. Prof. Nedava, on the other hand, has shaved him thoroughly and revealed his Jewish aspect.

Even the theme of his book could not have been dealt with by a Marxist author, for Marxist dogma does not allow for the existence of a Jewish problem as such, but only as one among the many abominable phenomena of decaying capitalist society. Trotsky himself, in his autobiography "My Life" and in the other autobiographical fragments scattered through his work, depicts his Jewishness as utterly unimportant for his development and his Jewish ties as non-existent. He regarded himself — and wished to be regarded by others — not as a Jew, not even as a Russian, but as an internationalist.

Prof. Nedava uses this autobiographical material well. As the conscientious historian he is scrupulous in the many things which remain unsaid, or are suppressed or lightly passed over by Trotsky. He does not accept at face-value Trotsky's vague and historically and psychologically unconvincing remarks about his Jewish education, and his almost proud denial that either he or his parents knew Yiddish.

Trotsky's obsession with pogroms, his emotional involvement at the time of the infamous Belski blood-lit affair, his fight with the Bund, his sharp eye for the anti-Semitic aspects of the Stalin purge trials seem to confirm Prof. Nedava's thesis that Trotsky-Bronstein was a son of the Pale of Settlement — and that his inbred sense of justice, his hatred of the corrupt Tsarist regime and his revolutionary vigour find their deepest motivation and explanation in this background.

However hard Trotsky tried to convince himself and others that he was not committed to things Jewish and that his being a Jew was of no importance, for his opponents he remained just that: a Jew. In the days of the Revolution and the Civil War, the Whites appealed — not without success — to anti-Semitic sentiments in their struggle against Bolshevism, which they depicted as a sinister conspiracy of the Jews, led by Trotsky-Bronstein, against Holy Russia. The Wyndham-King book shows a few of the ugly anti-Semitic posters directed against Trotsky in those days.

No wonder that many Jews greeted the Revolution as the dawn of a new day, as the harbinger of a new era in which anti-Semitism and pogroms would be unknown. It should be remembered that the Provisional Government of Kerensky, overthrown by the Bolsheviks in the October Revolution, had already abolished all restrictions against the Jews. The Bolsheviks went even further and declared anti-Semitism a crime to be punished by legal measures.

But it is also not surprising that many other Jews — and among them no less than the historian



Stalin too, understood this all too well, and he had no scruples whatsoever in using these prejudices in his ruthless fight against his "rootless cosmopolitan" adversary.

Prof. Nedava's broad exposition of Trotsky's attitude to Zionism, a subject which is not commonly known, deserves special attention. Trotsky, of course, rejected Zionism as a reactionary, nationalistic movement. He nevertheless considered it important enough to sit in, as an observer, on the Sixth Zionist Congress in Basel in 1903, the famous "Uganda Congress." Unable as he was to understand the force of the Zionist idea, the Uganda crisis led him to predict the imminent collapse of the Zionist Movement. However, it did not collapse, and till the end of his life Trotsky continued to regard the Zionist idea as a "tragic mirage."

Hitler's rise to power seems to have softened his standpoint somewhat. He reluctantly accepted a territorial solution of the Jewish problem, though, Heaven forbid, not in Eretz Yisrael — and at the same time became increasingly interested in the Jewish labour movement in Eretz Yisrael. Most interesting in this context is his conversation with Mrs. Beba Idelson when she visited him in Mexico in 1937 and more or less suggested that he end his exile by settling in the Jewish homeland. Trotsky refused, but was not insulted, as he had been in his years of power, by this straightforward hint at his Jewishness.

"Trotsky and the Jews" is not just another Trotsky biography. It is a fascinating case history of the man who wanted to be Trotsky but remained Bronstein, and whose case has nowhere been better summed up than in the concluding words of Chapter 10 of this excellent book:

"When in 1921 the Chief Rabbi of Moscow, Rabbi Jacob Mazn, appeared before Trotsky to plead for the Russian Jews, Trotsky was reputed to have answered him, as he had done on various previous occasions, that he was a Bolshevik revolutionary and did not consider himself a Jew. To this Rabbi Mazn replied: 'The Trotskys make the revolutions, and the Bronsteins pay the bills.'"

Emotional bookkeeping

500 GILL OUT by Elizabeth Jane Howard, London, Jonathan Cape, 1972, pp. 210.

Reviewed by Aviva Even-Paz

ELIZABETH Howard's latest novel is a real tour de force. From its opening page it has the reader mesmerized, breathless, totally involved. It is one of those books which makes you forget the outside world completely or see it only through a kind of haze. Criticism and disbelief are suspended.

Howard is a real artist, by which I mean she makes the reader accept her on her own terms. Her writing has a kind of crystalline brilliance. Whether she is describing a flower arrangement, a meal or a cup of tea, she makes the object, the atmosphere, the people. She knows very well the sheer importance of comfort, the outside world, the things it contains and how they can enrapture and seduce. If anyone wants to know the difference between eroticism and pornography they should read this book.

She has also a certain genius in managing to talk about one thing and yet referring obliquely to another, leaving the reader to make the connection: "One thing you can't expect about nomadic peoples is a sense of responsibility

about land. Land is something you rove over and when you feel like it — deplete." The speaker is referring to Arabs but he could also be describing Arabella. He goes on: "I'd give the Israelis the whole of N. Africa and let them get on with it. It would be the end of the desert in half a dozen generations. The Arabs wouldn't like it but they never know when they're well off." Let no one say Howard is at home only in bedrooms and drawing rooms.

If, however, Howard succeeds in making the erotic not only beguiling but also acceptable, she is also basically an ironic realist. Just when she has almost totally convinced us that the life of the senses and the life of feeling are the gateway to happiness, she knocks down the whole house of cards she herself has created. Neither feeling nor happiness is enough. In the end we live by safety, moderation and habit. In coming to this conclusion we are shown the price we pay for this and the emotional bookkeeping most of us adhere to.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A READER

(Continued from page 12)

— was the fear that I wouldn't find a Hebrew library in America.) In that public library I discovered the world of English literature. My reading of the modern English poets, who were really very young then, determined my taste in poetry, for good or bad, until this very day. Only later did I get to the poetry of previous generations, and that, too, not in chronological order. It was after I had read Robert Frost, Amy Lowell, Ezra Pound and T.S. Eliot that I turned (in this order) first to the Romantics, and then to the Victorians, to the poets of the 17th century (for these latter my great love has survived to this day) and then to the 18th century, and finally to Shakespeare.

And so I became a confirmed modernist. My favorite poet was the Scottish "Daisy" here before me still on my shelves is the first number: January, 1920! Here are the first poems of e.e. cummings. The typographical layout of the page prejudiced me in advance in favor of the poem. The appearance of the lines — short and long lines alternating, devoid of all symmetrical order, the stanzas without definite length, a stanza of four lines following a stanza of two, and followed by one of three lines — prepared me to accept the unexpected, seemingly spontaneous rhythm, the endless surprise, and the compact images close to the reality of the things described. Of course, I paid attention to the fact, perhaps particularly so because I was just learning how to spell in English, that the poet began his sentences with small letters and wrote I instead of I.

To purify the dialect

All this was novel to me, and there is no doubt that it was a "must." Today I am inclined to think that the 15-year-old boy was won over by novelty because it satisfied his curiosity, perhaps biological in essence, about new sights and tastes. Only later did I learn that the creators and advocates of this novelty sought in it something that was not in the least individual. They were seeking, as one of them put it, "to purify the dialect of the tribe" which had become obsolete, worn out, drab, drained of all meaning in the poetry of the previous century. Only when one matures does he discover that he is not just an individual, but that his life is a continuation of the life of the tribe, that only thanks to the heritage bequeathed him by those who preceded him, is he capable, if he is privileged, of effecting a change in, or adding something to, the "dialect of the tribe"...

I BELIEVE that all the intimate knowledge I have of the Jewish shtetl and the life of the Jews there at the beginning of the century came from my friend Julian. Julian was a worker. For decades he worked in a metal factory, where I too would work from time to time. He had been born in a tiny hamlet (Basalan) so out of the way that I have never met anyone from Lithuania who has even heard of his name. I have always been amazed at how completely the shtetl had engraved itself in his mind and heart. It was the more astonishing because he had come to the U.S. as a young boy and had worked mostly among non-Jews. To all intents and purposes he was well integrated in his adopted country, in its affairs, customs and language. Like his fellow workers he used to

begin reading the newspaper by opening it to the sports section. On Saturdays and Sundays he never missed his place among the spectators at the baseball stadium. I have never known anyone whose childhood was so absolutely and indelibly etched in his mind and heart. Although he grew up in a religious home — his father was the village schoolmaster (ritual slaughterer) — the world that kept its place in his memory was not dismal and miserable, but one of unending gaiety. It was not only a matter of personal nostalgia that made Julian cherish his memories of Basalan and his home of his childhood. These memories played a major part in determining my reactions to the world around me and my outlook on life. I found a wonderful expression of this in the autobiography of a Scottish poet and critic whom I have loved since my early youth. Edwin Muir was born in one of the most remote of the Orkney Islands. When he was a small child his father, a poor farmer, was forced to move the family to industrial Glasgow. Muir spent most of his life in that city, and in London, Rome and Prague. (He is the translator of Kafka into English.) But in every place outside his island home he felt a stranger. The uprooting from the Orkneys was like being "plunged out of order into chaos," "a meaningless waste of inherited virtue." In his middle years, reflecting on his place in the world, he summarized it in these words:

"I was born before the Industrial Revolution, and am now about 2,000 years old. But I have skipped 180 of them. I was really born in 1877, and till I was 14 no time-accidents happened to me. Then in 1761, I set out from Orkney for Glasgow. When I arrived I found that it was not 1761, but 1801, and that 180 years had been burned up in the two days' journey. But I myself was still in 1761, and remained there for a long time. "I was brought up in the midst of a life which was still cooperative, which had still the medieval communal feeling. We had heard and read of something called 'competition,' but it never

came into our experience. Our life was an order. Since the Industrial Revolution there has not really been an order except in a few remote places."

It seems to me that from Tel Aviv as well — who, unaware of what Man has lost in being uprooted from the closed compact community, views the transition to a so-called "open society" as a real advance is a very naive person. As for myself, my socialism, too, has always flowed from a single source. I remember a certain day in 1920. I was taking a walk with a friend of mine. We were having a heated argument on some topic then current among Communists and their opponents. Towards evening we stopped at a street corner, tired out by the walk and the hours-long discussion, and my friend asked me: And how do you visualize the socialist society of the future? I answered, almost without thinking twice: "Something like Grodno."

Sabbath Eve

I remember it was a Friday evening, just before the onset of the Sabbath. At that moment a memory flashed through me that had returned to me often in my waking hours as well as in my dreams. It went back to the time before I came to New York when I was still in Grodno. On Friday evenings I used to go to synagogue with my grandfather. That time I was delayed for some reason. It seems we had been out of the city and I had returned late. I practically ran all the way to the synagogue. As I was crossing the threshold, the prayer "Lechu Neranena" rang out, and at the same time — so it is engraved in my memory — the lights of the chandeliers flowed out in blinding streams of gas. Hesitating at the entrance, I passed between the rows of benches looking for my grandfather; from every side the eyes of those praying accompanied me, directing me to his place. It was that scene which rose before me eyes when my friend asked me the question about my image of the society of the future. Today, too, I wonder at the answer that I gave — and today, too, I am certain that my answer was the right one.

Charles Peguy— unknown prophet

By Claude Duvernoy

CHARLES Peguy (born on January 7, 1873) is unique in French literature. He claims no master, belongs to no school, and inspired no literary movement. He wrote thousands of pages of poems and essays and studies in the field of political and practical socialism. He has the very rare honor of having three volumes published in France's most fashionable edition, Gallimard's "La Pléiade": "Œuvres complètes," "Œuvres en prose," and "Œuvres en vers." Still, although he is a much purer "Christian writer" than Paul Claudel and a much better poet than any other mystic in modern France, he remains untranslated and unknown outside France.

Charles Peguy was born in Orleans to a carpenter who died the year of his birth. His mother, like her own mother, had to work for her living. Charles Peguy learned the humble trade of repairing the chairs of the famous Orleans Cathedral. The grandmother was illiterate, but apparently possessed the "inner culture" then found in the old "provinces." For Peguy paid her this typical Peguy tribute: "My grandmother, who could not read, taught me all about the French language."

A very gifted and studious child, he was awarded a scholarship to the famous Normale Supérieure in Paris, but failed in philosophy. Enlisting in the army, he became an infantry lieutenant. On his demobilization, he tried to establish a "free socialist review" which would, when necessary, yell all kinds of truths. After a few unsuccessful attempts, the now famous "Cahiers de la Quinzaine" was born in January, 1900. It never had more than 1,100 subscribers, not enough

to live properly, and to this unusual publication Peguy gave all his strength, all his — and his wife's — money, and his blood and soul. In the 14 years of the journal's life, all the lost causes of mankind were systematically defended, and oppression all over the world — of the blacks and yellows in Africa and the Far East, Jews in Russia and elsewhere, poor workers, and for the first time, poor teachers of the Republic — was condemned.

Peguy was among the first to sign the petition in defense of Alfred Dreyfus, under the influence of his friend Bernard Lazare, to whom the "Cahiers," after his death in 1903, paid the famous tribute, "Notre jeunesse."

Jean Jaures and Romain Rolland were among the famous contributors to Peguy's publication. But Peguy broke with Jaures and his party, accusing them of "parliamentary opportunism." In the same style and for similar reasons, he attacked the Sorbonne and its "grande seigneurie" — by name — even more bitterly than Blaise Pascal in his day.

Already in 1905 he sensed that the Kaiser and his regime wanted war, and that the powerful German Socialist Party would betray the cause of peace and universal brotherhood.

Analysed modernism

From the very first he analysed what he himself then called "modernisme, les temps modernes" ("modernism, modern times") and what he saw as modern man's total subjection to money and economic interests. Money, he wrote, was slowly corrupting the mind of everybody, including the spiritual leaders of the nations. Before industrialization and its counterpart, parliamentary socialism, the worker, the "artisan," loved his work; now, in modern times, the worker hated his work and had become its prisoner.

A disciple of Jean de Arc, to whom he paid profound tribute in his writings, a Christian of the first apostolic community, close to the message of the biblical prophets, Peguy was not a Marxist, but saw the remedy to the "sickness of modernity" in a spiritual revival. To him France during the Dreyfus affair was in danger of losing her soul.

A heretic among Socialists, an anti-clerical Christian, an anti-Sorbonne intellectual, a nonconformist writer and poet and a very tough pamphleteer, Peguy was ostracized by these elements of the French establishment of his day. For years librarians in Paris, when clients asked for "Les Cahiers," would reply: "It does not exist!" Writers and Sorbonne professors were united in a campaign of preventing his name from being mentioned. And the Vatican had prepared a "trial" against him when, on September 5, 1914, the first day of the Battle of the Marne, he was killed by a sniper's bullet.

But Peguy went to his death with a serene soul and joyous heart, convinced that this was the last war, and weary of life and its endless sufferings. War for him, and death, had become the gate to liberation and spiritual accomplishment. He knew he would not come back, and the day before leaving for the front he entrusted his three children to his beloved mother, Henri Bergson, whom he had staunchly defended in "Les Cahiers."

France today is in need of Peguy's message, spirit, and faith. Reverend Claude Duvernoy, born in Nancy, Lorraine, of Huguenot origin, is a writer and lecturer living in Jerusalem since 1952. An Israeli citizen, he is completing a doctoral thesis at the Hebrew University under the guidance of Professor David Flusser on the theme: "Jesus and the Jewish-Nazarene Phenomenon."



Charles Peguy — a tragic view of love

Halkin's warmth and wisdom

THE theme of these stories — one present in all of Professor Shimon Halkin's poetry and prose — is man's need to grasp at something to keep his head above the mud and muddle of life. Underlying this theme is the conflict that makes man the "alien" implied in the stories' Hebrew title — an alien as man, and all the more so Jew in the *nechama*, the Diaspora — or, literally, "allendom." This conflict finds its clearest expression in Halkin's tragic view of love.

On the one hand, love — even a lost or hopeless or illusory love — is the one straw to hold on to, the one passion that may give meaning to a meaningless existence. Yet at the same time love is an oppressive element — particularly in its erotic manifestation, and in a way because of it. Love sits uneasy on the shoulders of Halkin's heroes because of its spiritual pretensions, if one could call them that: man's yearning for it is a yearning for the spiritual, yet sooner or later he finds that love obscures; that, rather than give life meaning, love stands between man and the meaning of his existence, between man and his soul. Love, and that is the essential point in these stories, blurs man's vision.

The situation of the Jew in the Diaspora — mainly in the U.S. where Prof. Halkin, born in Russia in 1898, lived on and off between 1914 and his settlement in Israel in 1949 — is explored in several stories. It is, or at least was as Halkin saw it in the 1920s and '30s when he wrote these stories, one of basic insecurity. Partly this is due to the mutual distrust between Jew and Gentile; if the "goy" is not a plain anti-Semite — a "sonah" — then he is, the Jew feels, at least a potential one — an "erev sonah" as Halkin puts it (erev, i.e., "eve of," as in Erev Shabbat). So apprehensive are his Jews, so ever needing to pla-

NECHAMA (Hebrew) by Shimon Halkin, Jerusalem, Mossad Haifa, 201 pp. Reviewed by Miriam Arad



Shimon Halkin — a tragic view of love

cate the "goy" yet anxiously expecting him to pounce, that they feel positively relieved when he does: Aha, I've caught you out at last, thank God: you hate me! — as one of them cries exultantly. Another reason for the Jew's sense of unease is the spiritual quality that, willy-nilly, is part of his nature. It makes him incapable of finding happiness even in the great land of freedom and equality (Shabbat). So apprehensive are his Jews, so ever needing to pla-

Jew is not content with that, though, and whether his belly is filled or not he will cast about for "causes." There are plenty of those floating about in the world in the heat of times, and certainly so in the period when these stories were written; but the Jew, Halkin's Jew, can never find his true place in any of them, either because his Jewish *pinchele* won't let him, or because the "goyim" won't.

The story in which all this comes to a head in the subtlest manner is "Bahered Hapenim!" (In the Inner Room). It is built around a comic situation: there is this Yiddish mamma, worrying herself sick because the Young Man keeps coming to the house and still hasn't asked her daughter the Big Question, and yet she doesn't tell her husband outright to tackle Young Man. The husband is quite aware of his wife's feelings but is reluctant to do the tackling, the more so as he is very fond of Young Man. The latter, in turn, is aware of all these awarenesses in the air, but the one thing he fears is being tackled and having to make up his mind.

In the middle of these cross-currents stands the figure of the husband himself, a man who feels the ground slipping under his feet. He is the wealthy manager of a business which, he knows, has reached the point where it can manage very well without him, and money has lost much of its meaning for him. Now he finds that his Jewishness — his spiritual ground — is slipping under him as well, a point brought home to him by the fact that his son — his material and spiritual heir — has embraced Communism, and as such repudiated both his father's wealth and his Jewish God. Implicit in this story is the idea of Zionism as a solution in so far as any solution is possible for the Halkin hero adrift.

The stories, quite a few of them fragments from unwritten novels, are unequal in value, but in nearly all of them the warmth and wisdom of Halkin's later work is already felt.

Aharon Megged's novel appears in Rumania

AHARON Megged's novel, "Hahie al Hameit" (The Living on the Dead) reviewed here on February 19, 1965, has just been published in Bucharest, under the title "Brovi mor ei v'et" (Heroes Living and Dead). Brought out in a first run of 10,000 copies, it is understood to be the first full-length Israeli novel published in any Communist-bloc country.

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On Lewis Dembitz's Orthodoxy

To the Jerusalem Post Literary Editor, Sir, — I am indebted to you for the clippings which friends of mine have of late gently showered upon me, discussing the Zionism and religious affiliation of my grandfather and namesake, Lewis N. Dembitz of Louisville, Kentucky. ("Charting the stream of Kabbala," your issue of September 22, and the letters that followed.)

From my father, Arthur A. Dembitz (who was born in Louisville in 1870 and died in Jerusalem in 1940, and may be remembered by your veteran readers as an occasional contributor to your columns), I heard that his father began to teach him Mishna in the original at the age of eight, and that at his Bar Mitzva he read the whole Tora portion plus the Haftara — in 1885, two years before the Pittsburgh Convention and its "disappointments." Their household was strictly kosher, and the courts of Louisville were careful not to list for Saturday any case in which Mr. Dembitz would have to appear. From Justice Agranat (formerly of Louisville) I have heard that it is reported that clients would sometimes have to wait in the anteroom until Mr. Dembitz finished Mishna. In his major work, "Services in the Synagogue and Home," which was completed in 1896, there is scant reference to any but the order of service known as Orthodox.

Apparently, the delimitations of the three major trends in U.S. Jewry were not yet clearly drawn in those days. We can more than guess in which of these the original

tors of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, Dr. Alexander Kohut and Dr. Sabato Morais, would today feel most at home. As for their distinguished successor, Dr. Solomon Schechter, my mother, who was born in New York, used to tell us that he, a Kohen, would allow none but Sabbath-observers to join him in the Priestly Benediction, and, moreover, that at a Zionist rally he once furiously declared that he would rather have no Palestine than a Sabbath-smoking Palestine. From this Seminary my grandfather received one of its earliest honorary doctorates in 1904. My parents were married at the Seminary in 1922.

As for me and my branch of the family, Orthodox by upbringing and in practice, I often wonder what our spiritual constitution would be like — would it indeed be Jewish at all? — were it not for the influence of the extraordinary combination of Jewishness, liberalism and scholarship — and of Middle Europe, the American frontier, and Zionism — personified by Lewis N. Dembitz of Louisville.

It seems that the Encyclopaedia Judaica understood his recognition — unusual but characteristic — of the role available for the Reform movement in America, as an indication of his personal practice. It could at least as well indicate his tolerance — the true tolerance which can only be a quality of the truly convinced.

ELIEZER N. DEMBITZ
Jerusalem

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THE DAY ISRAEL WAS BORN

AMONG the first of the expected outpouring of volumes celebrating the 25th anniversary of Israel's birth is this rich collection of anecdotes and facts connected with that event. The authors — Bernard Postal, Editor of the monthly "Jewish Digest," and Henry W. Levy, public relations executive of the World Zionist Organization, American Section and former Editor of the Philadelphia "Jewish Express" — interviewed more than 800 participants in the events described and studied thousands of documents, many of them not previously available. The doings of the great — Chaim Weizmann, David Ben-Gurion, Moshe Shertok (Sharett), Abba Eban and many others — are depicted alongside the antics of the lowly, among them the Tel Aviv profiteers (whose names are recorded for posterity) who were fined for overcharging on butter and eggs among other commodities.

As an example of detailed reporting, the historians cite three "First Ever in Israel" imported screenplays shown in Tel Aviv cinemas on Saturday night, May 15, 1948: four soccer games around Tel Aviv (no results given), and the

premiere of a new play, "Hu Hach Basadot" (He Walked in the Fields), by a new young writer, Moshe Shamir. Its performances went on to fame.

There is also much historical material on the political struggle before May, 1948 and some references to the period following the Proclamation of Independence. Readers may find somewhat bewildering the repetitious backwards-and-forwards technique which, as in "O Jerusalem," impedes the smooth flow of the narrative, though it fortunately lacks the off-garbled presentation of the latter book.

One finds many misapprehensions, errors and wrong identification of people: for example, "Guita Hutz-La'aretz," obviously referring to "Giyus Hutz-La'aretz" (Conspirators from Overseas); "Mitsavdes Hutz-La'aretz" ("Mitsavdes Hutz-La'aretz"), "Sigum Hester," presumably for "Siyum Haster," oddly rendered as "Mission Accomplished."

Some other gaffes:

- * The man who accompanied Golda Meir to meet King Abdullah of Trans-Jordan in 1948, Ezra Danin,

is said to be Iraqi-born. Actually he was born in Jaffa, where his Russian-born father, Yeheskel, later a founder of Tel Aviv, settled in the mid-1880s. But his maternal grandmother, of the Yehuda family, was born in Baghdad.

- * Since when has Moshe (sic) David Adom been known as the "Jewish" or "Israeli" Red Cross?
- * Mordecai "Shiloach" is cited when "Shiloach" is meant.
- * How can a peer, namely, Lord Alexander, appear as a Government spokesman in the House of Commons? (The Minister of Defence, Mr. A. V. Alexander, was not a Field Marshal, was someone else entirely.)

But the recorded acts of the numerous people involved in the birth and defence of Israel, the competent chronicling of events when the pace is not slowed down by flashbacks, and such gems as four pages of the photographic reproductions of the original version of the Proclamation of Independence in Moshe Shertok's neat handwriting, including his corrections and the "Whereas" etc., edited out by Mr. Ben-Gurion, make a fascinating story put together with unusual diligence.

The book is recommended to readers who like plenty of detail and accuracy; there is a drawback which may limit its appeal to the public outside the U.S. — namely, the heavy emphasis on American Jewry's contribution to the birth of Israel and the remarkable omission of British Jewry's undeniably superb role in the face of overwhelming odds. A similar volume by British authors will be a great contribution.

AND THE RULES SHOUTED FOR JOY: The Day Israel Was Born by Bernard Postal and Henry W. Levy. N.Y.: David McKay, 430 pp. \$8.95

Reviewed by Julian Melzer

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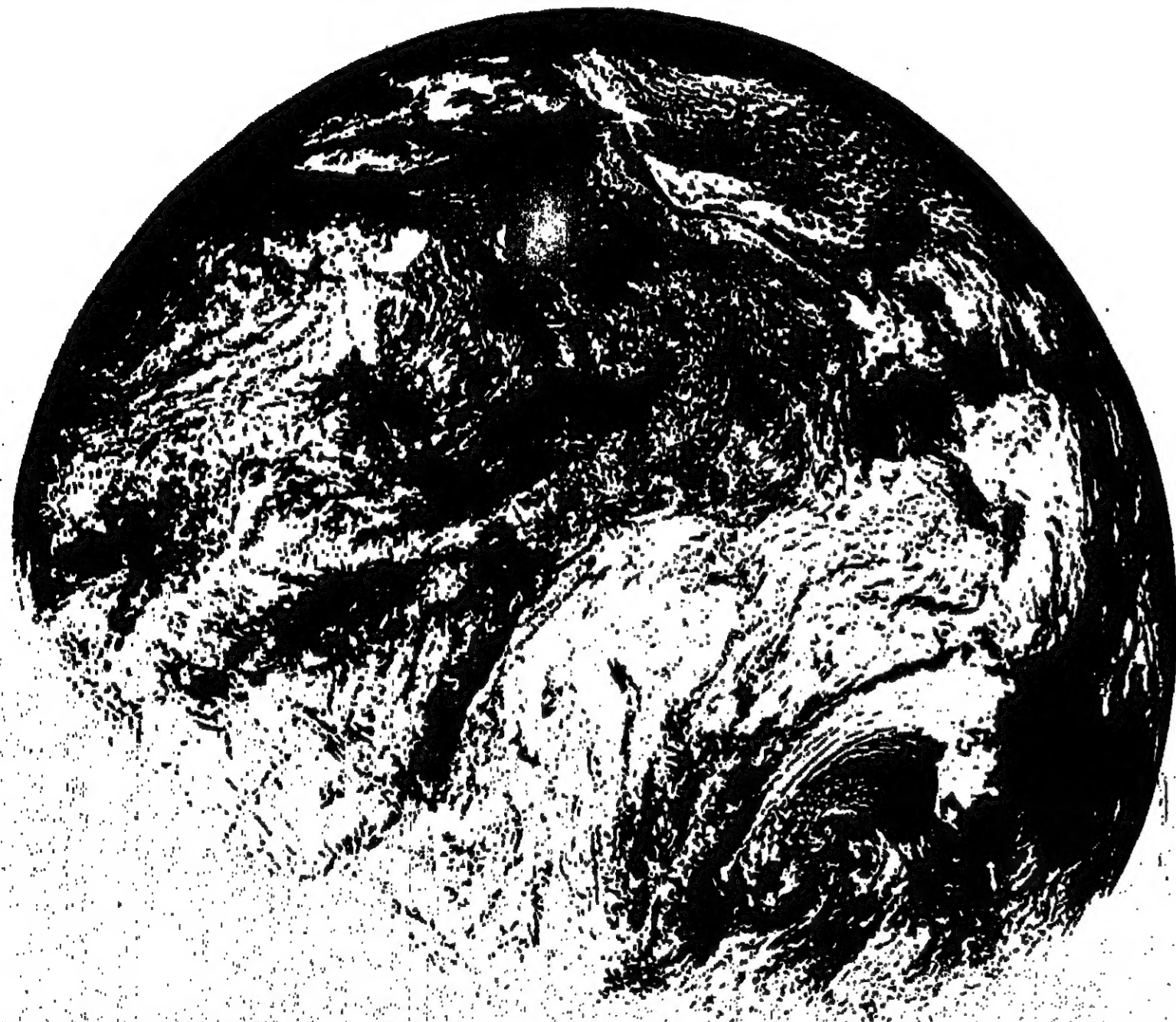
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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1978

ONE evening last week the wife looked at me as I was about to go out and said, "Why don't you have a briefcase to carry your papers in, like any self-respecting person?"

"So help me, you are right, woman," I answered. "My status as welder of the pen certainly demands this."

I went to the corner leather-goods store and explained to the shopkeeper that I was looking for a special leather briefcase, something very impressive, black with a dull finish and lots of compartments, shiny looks and things. The shopkeeper was a little man who spoke only Yiddish.

"A briefcase is a briefcase and not a jewel," he declared. "I can give you, sir, only what I've got: a very strong briefcase for IL75. If you want gewgaws, go and find yourself an artisan who's still got patience to talk to clients."

I was deeply insulted. Yes, I wanted first-class craftsmanship, but to say that I was looking for gewgaws!

I left the Levantine merchant to his designs and went to look for a leather artist who had learned his craft in a civilized part of Europe. After a week's frantic searching I was lucky enough to locate Sigmund Wasserperl, the famous fancy leather-goods maker.

As soon as I entered the workshop I could smell the sharp fragrance of cleanliness and order. Next to a large worktable I spotted a pleasant, blue-eyed and white-haired oldster. It was Mr. Wasserperl in person. I described my delicate situation — naturally in Goethe's and Chancellor Brandt's language — and he listened attentively. Then the respected artist informed me that for humanitarian reasons, he was ready to undertake the job and would do his best to impart to the product a character befitting my status as a fellow artist.

Illustrious past

What's more, to allay any doubts I might have as to his professional ability, Mr. Wasserperl described to me in detail his past life, starting with his graduation from the Stuttgart Government High School and including the fateful moment when it came to him like a flash of lightning that his life would be completely devoid of meaning unless he learned to make fancy leather-goods. At first Mr. Wasserperl apprenticed himself with the Singer and Singer firm of Hamburg, then he moved to the famous Viennese firm of Kirschner Lederwaren and worked there — in his words — for 34 fruitful years.

I chatted with Mr. Wasserperl until about midnight. In the end we remembered that actually I had come about a briefcase, and the craftsman proceeded to calculate the dimensions of my future briefcase with a slide rule and logarithm tables. Then we went on to discuss the leather required to meet the demands of good appearance and resistance to torque.

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The last of the craftsmen

by Ephraim Kishon

"What do you think of burnished buffalo hide?" Mr. Wasserperl asked.

"That's it," I replied. "I like that. Let it be burnished."

"I'm really happy," Mr. Wasserperl breathed, greatly relieved. "It's a very strong hide which adapts itself particularly well to ornamental embossing."

"I don't want any gewgaws, you know," I tried to bring the old man back to earth, but Mr. Wasserperl interrupted me with an impatient wave of his hand.

"No second-rate workmanship is done here," he flared up. "My 34 years with Kirschner Lederwaren place a heavy responsibility on me. All I'm asking for is a little patience. Your briefcase will be ready the day after tomorrow and the price is IL800."

Two days later I went to collect the briefcase, but it was not yet ready. What's more, Mr. Wasserperl had not even started working, because during two sleepless nights he had come to the decision that buffalo hide would, after all, not be suitable since it was a little too porous and he'd better use gazelle or sebu hide, which were perhaps a little more expensive. On the other hand they should last 100 to 150 years. Then and there I agreed to hammered sebu hide and we parted.

Three days later I came to collect my briefcase, but learned from Mrs. Wasserperl that the old man had been earlier in the week to a fine metal workshop to order the special round-headed studs made of hardened brass with which he intended to fasten the hinges of my briefcase. I told her I didn't want any studs — life was too short for that; we have to enjoy every minute of it — whereupon Mrs. Wasserperl retorted that her husband belonged to a vanishing breed of craftsmen who would rather stop working altogether than produce a poor article — not like those Israeli quacks. She took the opportunity of reminding me that her husband had worked for 34 years for the firm of Kirschner Lederwaren, who were court purveyors to His Majesty Emperor Franz Joseph of the House of Hapsburg.

Gradually I resigned myself to the thought that I would end my life as a writer without portfolio. But one misty morning, Mr. Wasserperl showed up in our apartment. The old man looked alarmingly tired and worried and complained bitterly that at his age he had to scour the country for a few stupid studs, while in Vienna such accessories were to be found in every shop.

The artist's very appearance was a mute accusation of humanity as a whole and for a while I thought I could hear the wings of fate beating ominously. In fact, Mr. Wasserperl had come to talk about the making of the briefcase. He thought that only stained unicorn hide would do in view of the extraordinary wearing quality of this rare material.

"My dear Mr. Wasserperl," I said to him, "I really appreciate your

professional standards — after all, 34 years with Kirschner Lederwaren are not to be sneezed at — but so help me, I really don't need such a unique briefcase. Knowing my little wife, I'll be bringing vegetables home in it before long."

The old man's face lit up. "I am glad you warned me. If so, we'll have to see to it that the briefcase is waterproof both inside and out. Under the circumstances I'll line it with sheared sealakin. Have you, sir, any relations in Canada?"

"Listen, Wasserperl," I said, "a briefcase is a briefcase and not a jewel! Why don't you just finish the bloody thing?"

"I simply can't," the deeply injured craftsman flared up. "Do you think it's easy for me? And since you mention it, how do you think, sir, that I can satisfy all your whims for IL800? Who will compensate me for all the time I'm wasting on this?"

Then I noticed that the poor old guy had become a nervous wreck; his face was twitching and he resembled nothing so much as a dried prune. I dispatched an urgent cable to my Uncle Egon in America and asked him to mail me a sealakin.

A fortnight later I cleared the

parcel through customs. I hurried with the skin to Mr. Wasserperl. To my great satisfaction, the old man was in a good mood, since during a quick trip to the Negev he had purchased from a couple of Beduin shepherds some jute twine interwoven with gold braid with which he proposed to fashion the briefcase straps. But when the old man noticed Uncle Egon's parcel, his knees started knocking.

"Plastic!" the aged artist whispered, unspeakable disgust on his face. "They dare to bring plastic to Wasserperl!"

He tossed the material into the garbage bin, walked to the cupboard and without another word, took out an antique hunting rifle. Then he threw a scornful glance at me and stomped out of the workshop. His wife shouted desperately after him, but he went on, head erect and back straight until his tragic figure was swallowed up in the noon darkness.

"He is now going to hunt in the desert," the woman broke into bitter sobs. "I know him. He can't work any other way. That's one of the reasons they appreciate him so much at Kirschner Lederwaren."

The old woman fell on me. "Why do you torture my husband? Do you want to kill him for your silly briefcase?"

During those troublesome days I seriously entertained the idea of knocking him off, because I too had worn myself out in the struggle for the briefcase. But on that Tuesday I got a message which shook me to the depths of my soul: Mr. Wasserperl had been hospitalized in a critical condition. Afflicted with deep pangs of conscience, I bought a big bunch of flowers, put it in my new briefcase, which I bought for IL25 from the Levantine shopkeeper, and went to visit my victim.

At the hospital I learned that somewhere on the Red Sea coast Mr. Wasserperl had shot the close relative of a seal, but the rainy weather and the exertions of the trip had overtaxed his strength and he had arrived home burning with fever. His wife was now sitting next to his sickbed and the two of them looked at me accusingly. Mr. Wasserperl was as yellow as a piece of old parchment and his eyes were bloodshot. He motioned me to bend over.

"You'll have... to find... silver clasps..." the old man whispered. "I won't agree to brass clasps. They are not suitable."

"Yes, Granddad," I whispered back. "I'm listening."

"Also," he continued with his last strength, "you'll have to get some swan dung. It's the best thing for burnishing leather."

"Everything," I promised. "I'll do everything, Granddad. I'll devote my remaining years to our briefcase, only get well quickly!"

The old man spoke no more and sank back on his pillow, completely exhausted. Full of remorse, I hurried to the head physician, with Mrs. Wasserperl's tearful curses speeding me down the corridor.

The doctor explained that he could do nothing at present. All the patient's wishes must be fulfilled in order to raise his spirits. Because — that's what the doctor had learned from a reliable source — Mr. Wasserperl had been with a certain firm in Vienna and he would rather die than do a shoddy job. I asked him to pass the hospital bills on to me. Tomorrow, I'm going up to the northern swamps to see about swan dung.

Translated by Tehonah Goldmann by arrangement with the author.

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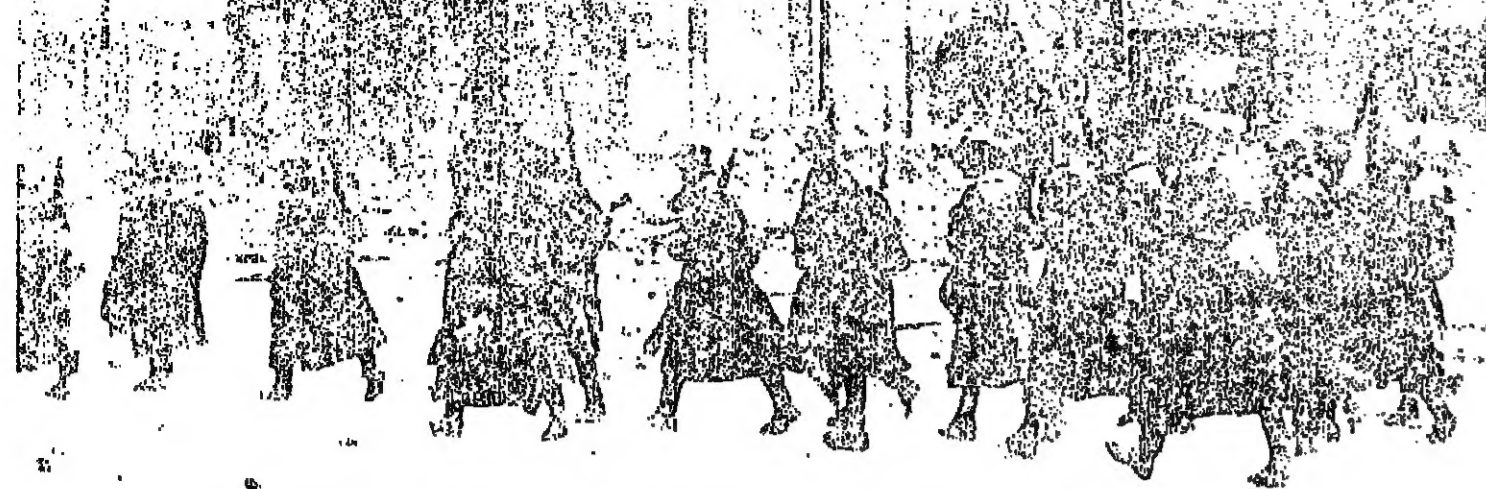
ISRAEL VOLUNTARY SERVICE

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1978

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE SEVENTEEN

مکان الدھل



German soldiers inside Stalingrad in November, 1942. Before the Russian counter-attack, they held most of the city.

STALINGRAD may not have been the biggest battle of World War II, but it is the one which is commonly regarded as the most important, for it was the first major defeat for the Nazi *Wehrmacht* and the result of an error which gradually assumed enormous proportions.

It was nearly 18 months earlier, — on June 22, 1941 — that Hitler's armies first invaded the U.S.S.R. During the first months of the campaign, the Germans made enormous gains, in terms of territory occupied and casualties inflicted; but they did not succeed in their principal aim, which was to knock out Russia as a military power. In December, the Soviets were still holding out — and even counter-attacking — in front of Moscow.

After the fierce winter fighting, the spring of 1942 brought a lull, since neither side could carry out large-scale operations in the melting snow. But by this time the United States had entered the war, and Hitler was faced with two choices: either to try to eliminate Russia before the Americans could bring the full weight of their enormous military potential to bear; or at least to gain control of enough of the Soviet Union's precious resources of grain and oil so that he might carry on the war against the West with some probability of success. He decided to launch his 1942 summer offensive across the River Don on the southern sector of the Russian front, concentrating on the wheat of the Ukraine and the oil of the Caucasus.

Having thus selected the more limited of his alternative objectives, Hitler started to assemble his forces. Sixty-eight German divisions were available for operations on the southern sector of the Russian front, but many of these were under strength and the Fuehrer was therefore obliged to ask his Rumanian, Hungarian and Italian allies to help him out with another 28 divisions. These forces were divided into two Army Groups: Army Group A, under Field-Marshal List, operating in the south and advancing into the Caucasus; and Army Group B, under Field-Marshal von Bock, operating north to the north and covering List's left flank. The ultimate objectives of the whole thrust were the oil ports of Baku and Batumi, over 500 miles away.

Within the framework of this mighty plan, the role of Stalingrad was at first a subsidiary one. The city on the Volga was to be taken by General Friedrich von Paulus' 6th Army, form-

ing the left wing of von Bock's Army Group B. The purpose of this move was to secure the land bridge between the Don and the Volga, thus protecting the advance as a whole from a counter-attack from the north. Another aim was to interrupt traffic over the River Volga itself, thus cutting off one of the arteries through which British and American aid reached the U.S.S.R.

In deciding to take Stalingrad, so far to the north and east of his main advance, Hitler was motivated mainly by ideological reasons: the city — then still named Tsaritsyn — had been defended by Stalin during the civil war, and his success there had been the first rung in his ascent to power. Hitler wanted to destroy the city that bore Stalin's name and was connected with his early aspirations to military fame.

After repulsing an attempted Soviet spoiling attack in May, the German offensive unfolded with great rapidity.

The hasty Soviet retreat that followed was presented by the Russians at the time — and for many years after — as a brilliant manoeuvre designed by Stalin himself to set the stage for a massive counter-attack. The demolition of the Stalin "personality cult" in 1956, however, resulted in a spate of disclosures about the appalling lack of preparation which had forced the retreat.

Rostov, "the gate to the Caucasus," fell on July 23, but the Germans had not succeeded in encircling their Soviet opponents: they had merely driven them eastward across the Don.

The further east and south-east the Germans drove, the more apparent it became that the two tasks allotted to Army Group B

— covering List's flank and capturing Stalingrad — were incompatible. Since the case of the early advance had convinced Hitler that the Russians were finished, he decided that the former task was of less importance, and Army Group B, headed by the shock troops of von Paulus' 6th Army, was allowed to push on to Stalingrad. This opened a gap several hundred kilometres wide between the two Army Groups. To partially close this gap and give some cover to Army Group B's left flank some Italian forces were transferred to von Bock's command and ordered to screen the right flank of his spearheads.

Thus the German advance, originally planned as a single thrust with strong covering forces in the north, split up into two separate thrusts, the distance between them growing daily. Army Group A, made a successful advance into the Caucasus and its troops were only halted by snow on November 2, after actually reaching the shores of the Caspian. Army Group B, and especially its advance units under von Paulus, encountered considerably stronger resistance in their thrust towards Stalingrad, which was being surrounded by hundreds of kilometres of anti-tank trenches and barbed wire fences prepared in haste by the city's population under the direction of political commissar Nikita Khrushchev.

More and more German troops were pumped into the fighting. Both the commanders on the spot and Hitler, though not the German general staff, seemed to forget that under the original plan Stalingrad had been a subsidiary objective. The closer they came to the city proper, the harder the fighting became.

In Vasil Zhukov the Soviets had an exceedingly tough commander of the 62nd Army in Stalingrad, a sharp contrast with the very able but somewhat weak and self-effacing von Paulus. The Soviet troops proved better suited to house-to-house fighting than the Germans, while the Luftwaffe, though able to dominate the sky of Stalingrad during daylight, was not effective against soldiers who had learnt that their safety depended on keeping as close to the German positions as possible.

Above all, von Paulus' 250,000 men constituted the tip of an extremely deep salient in the German front, depending for its supplies on a single railway line running back more than 2,000 km. to Silesia. The Soviets, in contrast, fell back progressively on their supply bases on the left (eastern) bank of the Volga, and

were able to carry across plenty of supplies by boat at night.

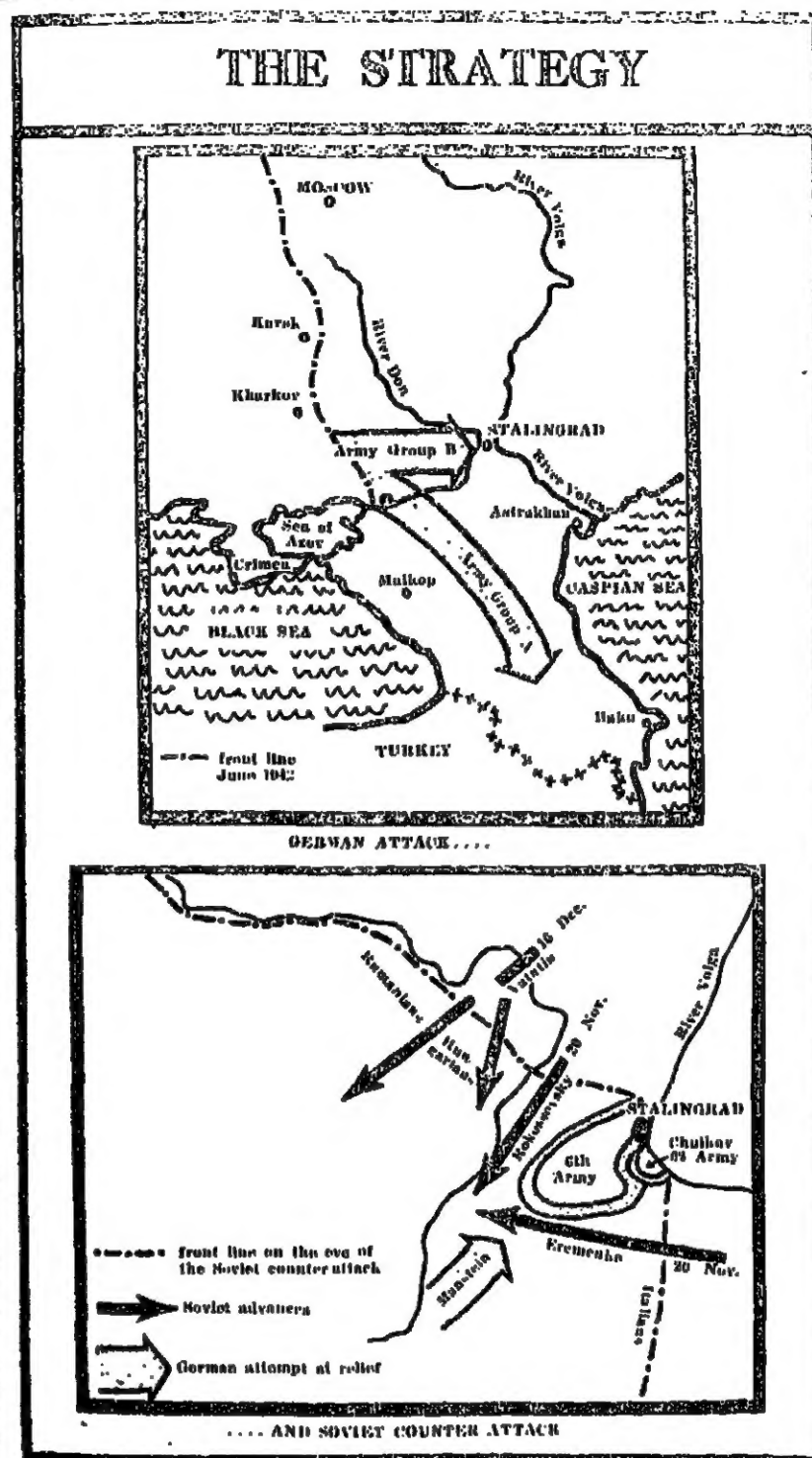
Despite these handicaps, the Army continued to advance. Early in November they had taken most of the city, reducing it to smoking rubble and confining their opponents to a narrow strip of rock along the Volga. By this time, however, their progress was measured in mere kilometres. When the Commander of Army Group B, von Bock, nervous about the precarious position of 6th Army, tried to voice his anxiety to Hitler, he was sent into ignominious retirement and replaced by Field-Marshal von Weichs.

As it turned out, von Bock had good reason to be nervous; for this time the Russians, under the overall direction of Stalin and Zhukov, were planning a counter-offensive. Exploiting the gap between Army Groups A and B, they built up a "Stalingrad Front" south of the city under General Andrei Eremenko, a "Don Front" north of it under Konstantin Rokossovsky, and, further to the north-west, a "South-Western Front" under Nikolai Vatutin. The three fronts together comprised over 1 m. men and 13,500 guns and mortars.

The counter-offensive, aimed at encircling von Paulus' 6th Army in Stalingrad by a pincer movement from the south and north, opened on November 20 and achieved immediate success. Eremenko broke through the Italian units on Weichs' right, while Rokossovsky routed the Rumanians on his left. Within four days the jaws of the pincers had closed west of Stalingrad; caught in there were 250,000 German troops, 1,800 guns and 10,000 motor vehicles.

At Hitler's headquarters, it seems, a breakout from Stalingrad was considered, but a talk of withdrawal ended abruptly — and for good — when Hermann Goering gave a personal undertaking that his Luftwaffe would supply all the needs of 6th Army. Even the most elementary calculation would have shown that this was an impossible task. In practice, the air force proved able to supply only about 10 per cent of 6th Army's daily needs.

Hitler next summoned Field-Marshal Erich von Manstein, perhaps the ablest of all German generals and the conqueror of Sedan earlier in the year, to take over from Weichs and mount a relief operation. Manstein hastily assembled an armoured corps to advance towards Stalingrad from the south-west, but only tracked vehicles could still ad-



Wehrmacht prisoners of war, taken by Vatutin's forces on the "South-Western Front."

of the Russian front for his 1942 offensive — thereby renouncing military objectives and in effect admitting that the war was lost — but allowed it to deteriorate into two widely separate thrusts without connection or coordination. Moreover, he allowed a move that had originally been conceived as ancillary to turn into a main one and sink in disproportionate quantities of men and material. Given the badly-selected objectives of his offensive, they were not adhered to with the necessary firmness. All this was Hitler's personal responsibility; he had carried on his twin thrusts against the Caucasus and Stalingrad in the teeth of opposition by his military advisers.

Yet von Paulus' own contribution to the German defeat should not be underestimated. For he did not even consider disobeying Hitler's orders to hold out and attempting to break out in late November or early December. Had he done this before Vatutin's attack, he might well have succeeded. This in fact was the course advocated by his Chief of Staff, General Arthur Schmidt, a man of far stronger character. As it was, von Paulus first promised Hitler to hold on to the end, then surrendered.

Von Paulus' fate was a hard one, his high ability and self-effacing modesty, reliable in themselves, were inadequate buffers between Hitler's iron will and the fate of his 250,000 men.

While Hitler's refusal to allow von Paulus to break out immediately after the first Soviet attack was certainly an error, the same is less certain for the period after Vatutin's offensive. By insisting that 6th Army hold out to the bitter end, Hitler undoubtedly sacrificed the lives of thousands of his soldiers; but at the same time he tied down Rokossovsky and Eremenko, thus preventing them from supporting Vatutin. It is the opinion of several very distinguished military critics that by so doing, he averted a far greater disaster for Army Group B. Moreover, 6th Army's stand made it possible for Army Group A to withdraw from its *cul de sac* in the Caucasus in good order, though not without the loss of all its equipment. Seen from this point of view, Hitler's stand-fast order was far from being without merit.

The Russians are marking the 30th anniversary of Stalingrad with fanfares for what they hold to be the most crucial victory of World War II, far exceeding such "minor events" as El Alamein. But it cannot rightly be regarded thus.

The Russians had suffered incomparably heavier losses in the previous year without going under, while a loss of 250,000 German troops, though certainly very serious, was not crippling for an army which at that time numbered some

seven million men. Thus while Stalingrad was a landmark on the way to Germany's defeat, it has assumed greater historical significance than more important World War II landmarks because it was the first major defeat suffered by the Wehrmacht. It was the first link in a chain, not an independent turning point, and the majority of the German generals questioned after the War, considered that they could have won against Russia even after Stalingrad at least to the extent of wearing down the Soviets to make a compromise peace possible.

From the Soviet point of view, Stalingrad marked the coming to maturity of the Red Army as a fighting force equal, and later superior, to the Wehrmacht. Also, the fighting at Stalingrad convinced Stalin himself that he could rely on his officers. The battle led directly to the abolition of the Soviet system of dual command, under which all units — including their commanding

officers — were subject to the political control of a commissar. Instead, the post of commissar was abolished and officers were given full responsibility.

From the smoking ruins of Stalingrad emerged the Soviet officer corps as we know it today — tough, able and loyal to the political system it serves, though not necessarily to its individual representatives. Some of these officers, by virtue of their close association with Khrushchev, later reached the highest posts in the Soviet military establishment; notable among them were the late Rodion Malinovsky and the present Minister of Defence, Andrei Grechko.

But above all Stalingrad was the first of a series of victories which was ultimately to carry the hammer and sickle to Berlin, Prague, Vienna and the very heart of Europe. It was, in Zhukov's words, the beginning of the road — the road to superpower status.



Von Bock: Good reason to be nervous.

Von Paulus: Contributory errors.

Rokossovsky: Part of the pincers.

Zhukov: toughness vital factor.

Vatutin: Break-through to the north.



Charges by Cossack cavalry failed to stop Germans before Stalingrad.

Reinforcements brought up through snow as drive slowed.

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- * Long-sleeve men's shirts, 10-50% reduction; example: printed cotton shirt, IL14.95 instead of IL29.95 — 50% reduction.
- * Flannel shirts, 10% reduction.
- * Corduroy and Velveteen trousers, 10% reduction.
- * Wool and Superpress trousers, 10% reduction.
- * Jackets, 10-20% reductions.
- * Youths' Dacron shirts, 10-20% reductions.
- * Youths' flannel shirts, 10-20% reductions.
- * Corduroy trousers and jeans for boys and girls, 10% reduction.
- * Pincord and Aerlian dresses, 20-50% reductions; example: Aerlian jacquard dress, baby collar, sizes 8-14, IL57.10-58.90 instead of IL59.95-61.95 — 30% reduction.
- * Aerlian and Pincord pinafore dresses, 10-20% reductions; example: Pincord pinafore dress, with belt and two pockets, grey colours, sizes 4-6, IL20.95 instead of IL29.95 — 30% reduction.
- * Aerlian and Pincord trouser suits, 10-20% reductions; example: Aerlian trouser suit, jacquard, sizes 4-14, IL59.50-IL69.50 instead of IL64.95-IL87.95 — 30% reduction.
- * Boys' flannel pyjamas, 10% reduction.
- * Fashionable Aerlian sweaters, 10-20% reduction.
- * Pincord skirts, 10-20% reductions.
- * Girls' flannel pyjamas, 10% reduction.
- * Toddler's Pincord and Denim trousers, 10% reduction.
- * Toddler's winter shirts and pyjamas, 10% reduction.
- * Jackets and vests, 10-50% reductions; example: fashionable battledress, "hairy," many sizes, — 33% reduction.
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- * Trousers, Corduroy, Pincord, Velveteen and Denim, 10-50% reductions.
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MEN'S WEAR

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- * Wool and Superpress trousers, 10% reduction.
- * Jackets, 10-20% reductions.
- * Youths' Dacron shirts, 10-20% reductions.
- * Youths' flannel shirts, 10-20% reductions.
- * Corduroy trousers and jeans for boys and girls, 10% reduction.
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- * Aerlian and Maranite pullovers, 10-20% reductions; example: Maranite pullover, crew neck, buttoned, IL81.95 instead of IL99.95 — 20% reduction.
- * Fashionable leather belts, 10% reduction.

CHILDREN'S WEAR

- * Long-sleeve men's shirts, 10-50% reduction; example: printed cotton shirt, IL14.95 instead of IL29.95 — 50% reduction.
- * Flannel shirts, 10% reduction.
- * Corduroy and Velveteen trousers, 10% reduction.
- * Wool and Superpress trousers, 10% reduction.
- * Jackets, 10-20% reductions.
- * Youths' Dacron shirts, 10-20% reductions.
- * Youths' flannel shirts, 10-20% reductions.
- * Corduroy trousers and jeans for boys and girls, 10% reduction.
- * Pincord and Aerlian dresses, 20-50% reductions; example: Aerlian jacquard dress, baby collar, sizes 8-14, IL57.10-58.90 instead of IL59.95-61.95 — 30% reduction.
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Marketing with Martha



Understanding price control



A THREE-HOUR general shoppers' strike was sponsored this week by the price-conscious Histadrut Central Consumer Authority. The strike was against what it calls a trend toward "exaggerated, unreasonable and unauthorized price rises" since General Price Control came to an end in Israel a month ago.

It is a little hard for the consumer public to see price trends. Vegetable prices have been up recently because of cold-weather shortages, and clothing prices have been down because of annual seasonal sales. There is a general feeling that "prices must have risen," but it is hard for the housewife to put a finger on specifics. At its pre-strike press conference, the Histadrut Consumer Authority released its own list of 58 groups of commodities which, it says, showed price rises in December or January. (See box.)

In truth, there is still an extensive system of government control over prices of goods and services. It is a different system than before January 1, but it is still a system and not a free-for-all for manufacturers and merchants. What is price control and how does it work?

Before January 1: In the period between the 1971 devaluation and January 1, 1973, there was direct government control over the prices of some 17,000 items and groups of items. This list included virtually every kind of goods and services one could think of. If a manufacturer or a service industry wanted to raise its price, it had to bring a petition before the Price Control Committee (Yadad ha-Mehirim). This is a public commission which serves in an advisory capacity to the Minister of Commerce and Industry. The Committee is comprised of representatives of the government, of industry, of labour and of the consumers.

The consumers' representative is Mr. Feival Hadas, who is chairman of the board of directors of the Israel Consumer Council. The alternate is Dr. David Lutsky, an economist with the Histadrut's Central Consumer Authority. The chairman of the Price Control Committee is Mr. Moshe Kashi, general manager of Eim. The Committee meets whenever there is need, which is generally once a week.

Two categories

Even under the old general price controls, there were two categories of items: those whose maximum retail price was strictly set and published to the exact amount. These included very basic consumer staples, including foodstuffs such as bread, milk and eggs which are government-subsidized. Less essential goods and services were controlled by a system which granted approval from time to time of overall percentage rises for an entire factory or industry.

We would read in the newspapers, for instance, that Asis was granted a 10 per cent increase on its prices — and it was up to the company to spread this increase over its various items, some rising less than 10 per cent, some more. The Histadrut Consumer Authority sharply criticizes this system of price announcements in percentages. It says the consumer needs a translation into the permitted rises on retail prices. It also demands that the Ministry of Commerce and Industry take paid advertisements in the newspapers to announce price changes to the public, and not rely on the goodwill of the press to publish information from Ministry press releases.

As for speaking in percentages, the Ministry retorts that it has too many separate items to make

possible publication of specific prices of each one of them. I was told by Dr. Yehoshua Jaffe, the Consumers Commissioner who is attached to the Ministry of Commerce and Industry. He was my source of information for the Ministry's position on how price control works.

Moreover, Dr. Jaffe said, the Ministry is not keen to encourage manufacturers to dictate the retail prices of goods, even as "recommended prices" on items, since this limits the competitiveness of shops. The only large consumer goods manufacturer which is permitted to fix retail prices for its products is Osem, which has virtually a monopoly in the pasta field.

Narrow criterion

But we are getting ahead of our story. Under the pre-January system, the Price Control Board used a fairly narrow criterion in deciding whether or not an industry was justified in raising prices. The only excuse for price-raising which the Board accepted was an increase in the price of raw materials from abroad. This made sense since the price review system was set up in 1971 as a brake on prices in the wake of devaluation.

After January 1: In the new situation since January 1, the Price Control Board is working with a wider set of criteria. Not only will raw materials from abroad be taken into consideration, but also local wage increases "according to formal wage agreements minus productivity gains."

What else has changed

Instead of 17,000 items, only 125 items remained on the price control list after January 1. (Six more items have been added since January 1, but more on that later.) If 125 seems like a very short list, let me be quick to point out that this means "items and groups of items." For instance, "bread" is an item which contains several sub-items, including rolls, standard halvah and pita. "Milk and milk products excluding ice cream" is another category, including most cheeses. Other such broad categories are "soft drinks," "cigarettes," "fuel products," "electric motors." Many categories do not relate to the average consumer directly — things like certain building materials (cement among them), agricultural equipment and packaging materials — but they have a bearing on the things we buy.

Just as before January 1, some of the price controlled items have exact maximum retail prices fixed by the government — in fact, 80 more items than before the change. The exact maximum prices for controlled foodstuffs were published by the Ministry in the Hebrew and English press on January 1, and posters with this information are available at most consumer organization offices.

As before, prices of less essential controlled items are fixed at their current rates, pending approval of percentage increases. Requests go to the Price Control Committee. Items were put on the list of 125 for one of three reasons: 1) because they are deemed "essential"; 2) because they are "popular"; 3) because they are produced by a monopoly. The third category is the largest.

By way of examples, onions and laundries are controlled because they are "essential"; telima and light bulbs and Sypholix balloons because they are "popular"; some items are listed both as "essential" and "monopolies" — such as electricity and school notebooks.

Shoes in general are not on the price-controlled list, but "work shoes" and "gym shoes and boots

of rubber and plastic" are controlled. Most clothing is not controlled, but "undershirts," "underpants," "socks," and "baby diapers" are. So are cotton thread, acrylic fibres, artificial fur, school uniforms, school bags, cotton bed linen, standard blankets, elastic cotton wool. The last five items were among those added at the last minutes under pressure from the Histadrut.

Prices up

In the following groups of items, the Central Consumer Authority found rises by "one or more manufacturers, and not the entire branch" during the months of December and January:

"Tomato puree, tinned fruits and vegetables, olives, tinned fish, soup-almonds, biscuits, pudding, jelly, soups, honey, dried legumes, mustard, pepper, egg whites, frozen meat, olive vinegar, sweets, chocolate, halva, instant coffee, chewing gum, cakes, apices, spices;"

"Household furniture, office furniture, towels, mattresses, shampoo, women's stockings, testicles and clothing, pens, pencils, metals, books, slippers, optical lenses, ceramics, mirrors, screws, gas platens, baking ovens, refrigerators, washing machines, car radios, television sets, sewing machines, joining machines, perfuming machines, batteries, work tools, building and plumbing materials, fluorescent light fixtures, plastics, industrial electric switches, iron-work products, plastic glue, iron bars, and paints."

says Mrs. Nushat Katzav, director of the Consumer Authority. So were baby food, pita, frozen chicken, baklava, and diabetic cooking utensils (for non-fat cooking) — she says.

I cannot enumerate the entire price-control list, of course. Anyone interested to know if a particular item is controlled can phone the Histadrut Consumer Authority, main office 268388, Tel Aviv, or the Ministry of Commerce and Industry.

Just because an item is not under price control does not mean its manufacturer can necessarily raise the price on his own authority. There is a large number of goods and services which come under the category which the Consumers Commissioner, Dr. Jaffe, has nicknamed "The Millionaires." Any manufacturer whose annual turnover is IL10m. a year or more, or any service industry with a IL2m. turnover or more, must notify the Ministry of Commerce and Industry 30 days in advance of any planned price rise.

Within the 30 days, the Minister and or his Price Controller (ha-Memneh al Mehirim) must give an opinion as to whether the proposed rise is justified. Only if the Ministry has no objection can the "Millionaire" raise his price.

How can the public know who the "Millionaires" are? No list has been published, but if you think of all the firms whose names have become household words you're just about got it. ATA, Amcor, Friedman, Telma, Asis, Tempo, Coca-Cola are just a few of the large companies which cannot raise prices on us without Ministry approval.

'Punished' products

What sanctions can the Ministry take against recalcitrant industries? Most easily, it can threaten to put their products back on the list of price-controlled goods — and if necessary, carry out this threat. Since general price-control was lifted January 1, six categories have been re-

stored to the list. The "punished" products are tinned and bottled olives, tinned fish, tomato puree, tomato juice, optical lenses and contact lenses.

It is interesting to note that a major item in the inflationary trend — housing — is not under price control. Contractors and private owners can sell flats and houses for whatever the market will bring, and rents are also uncontrolled, with the exception of the old key-money buildings which fall under the Tenants Protection Law.

There is another category of goods and services which are neither price-controlled nor "Millionaires." These are the products and services of smaller firms which are supposed to enjoy greater competitiveness under the new system. As Minister of Commerce and Industry Haim Bar-Lev told the nation's television viewers recently, competition is expected to take over a large measure of the job previously done by controls.

But even small firms are not entirely free to raise prices out of all proportion. There is such a thing in this country as laws against "unreasonable profit." Any consumer who thinks a shopkeeper or manufacturer is making an unreasonable profit can file a complaint with the Ministry of Commerce and Industry.

If a firm or shop persists in overcharging after warnings, or if it violates official price control on controlled items, the Ministry of Commerce and Industry can take it to court. Under the Goods and Services Law, the maximum punishment is for a "felony" seven years imprisonment or IL10,000 fine or both; and for a "misdemeanor," three years jail or IL5,000 fine, or both. Under the Anti-Cartel Law, the fines go up to IL200,000, the jail term only 18 months.

In actual fact, neither Dr. Jaffe nor I could think of a single case, in which a person had been sent to jail in Israel for price violations. Fines are generally much lower than the maximum, with IL500 to IL1,000 the average, according to Ministry Director-General Gidon Aharay in a recent newspaper interview.

It is not enough for the consumer to be alert to overcharging, and

complain to the Ministry, Mr. Lahav continued. He must be ready to follow through the complaint with a signed testimony and an appearance in court if necessary. Many consumers back out at the last minute — they do not want to testify against their corner grocer and make it uncomfortable to shop there again.

In truth, the problem rarely arises, of overcharging on items which appear on the maximum price list for basic commodities. The big supermarket chains certainly won't do it, Dr. Jaffe says, except perhaps occasionally by accident, and then a warning will do. It is only some small grocers in out-of-the-way places who dare to overcharge on basic price-controlled foodstuffs.

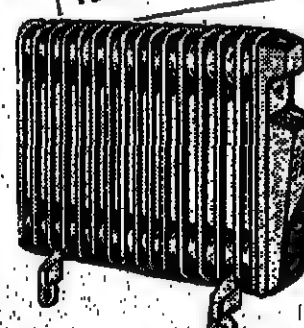
Impersonal company

If the consumer is reluctant to complain about his neighbourhood shopkeepers, he is probably less inhibited about complaining against a large impersonal company. If he notices, for instance, that his favourite brand of biscuits has suddenly jumped in price by 40 agorot a box — and the shopkeeper says the factory raised its price — the consumer can and should complain. He can make his complaint through one of the voluntary consumer organizations, or better yet, directly to his nearest District Office of the Ministry of Commerce and Industry. In Jerusalem, the address is 3 Rehov Ben Yehuda; in Tel Aviv, 76 Rehov Mazeh; Haifa, 62 Derech Ha'atmanut; and Beersheba, 118 Rehov Herzl. The Ministry promises to investigate each complaint to see whether the price rise in question had Ministry approval if necessary and whether the profit margin is reasonable or not.

Offices handling price complaints report to me that the public has been rather apathetic in its response since January 1, compared to the wave of complaints which followed the 1971 devaluation. Mrs. Nushat Katzav at the Histadrut Consumer Authority says this does not mean there are few rises. It is an apathy caused "perhaps by the fact that the public sees a wave of price rises and gets caught up in it, accepting it as natural."

Martha Meisels

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'Helping them help themselves'

By Lea Levavi

Jerusalem Post Reporter

WHEN Arish Zookkevich — a 24-year-old polio victim — wanted to buy a car, Ilan offered to help pay for it; provided he would save even a token amount from his earnings as a telephone information operator. "That's the way it should be," Arish told me when I met him recently. "If they gave me everything on a silver platter, without my having to pitch in, I might just decide to stop working and let them support me. Why should I be a parasite just because I'm handicapped?"

Ilan — which will hold its annual March of Dimes on Monday — is now celebrating its 20th anniversary and Arish is only one of six thousand polio victims whose success and self-sufficiency prove that Ilan's talk about "helping them to help themselves" is no mere slogan.

"We always felt that proper care and rehabilitation would enable these polio victims to be productive citizens," Betty Dubiner, one of Ilan's founders and today chairman of the organization's Executive, said. "Israel is too small a country to afford the luxury of losing manpower and brainpower just because part of a person's body is paralyzed."

Ilan was founded in 1953 as Ilan-Shil-Polio (Israel Foundation for Infantile Paralysis) but in 1964 the name Ilan was adopted. "We didn't shorten the name," Mrs. Dubiner explained. "We chose Ilan (which means tree) because the seed we had planted in '53 was now a little sapling. Besides, we now helped Cerebral Palsy (C.P.) as well as polio children and were a roof organization for most of the country's handicapped." Recently, Ilan's programme was expanded even further and now includes aid to victims of Dysautonomia (a disease causing serious psychiatric, as well as physical, handicaps), and cystic fibrosis, which affects digestion and breathing and can be fatal.

Grew older

During its first few years, Ilan tracked down polio victims, bought wheelchairs and other special equipment for them and arranged for their education. — including transportation to and from school. As the children grew older, Ilan set up special summer camps and later still sports clubs were opened. (Until now, Jerusalem-area handicapped have had to come to the Tel Aviv area to attend a sports club, but Ilan is now building a facility in Jerusalem.) Today, the polio victims are young adults who need care, money for college and vocational education (Ilan has given 88 scholarships this year) and help in setting up their own homes after marriage. Public education is also vital.

Arish: "If I fall in the street — which sometimes happens to those of us who use crutches — I never get hurt because I've learned how to fall. But if I happen to be unlucky enough to fall where there are people around, they make a big issue over it and even try to pick me up — when it would really be better if they would leave me alone and let me pick myself up quietly."

Another polio victim of the same age whom I also met at the Ilan office, Dvora Minalles, complained that no employer was willing to hire her when she finished vocational school — a problem common to most handicapped people. "They said a typist has to be mobile. I'm fully mobile on my crutches — but they were afraid and didn't want to take the chance." After eight months of fruitless and frustrating job-seeking, Dvora came to work at Ilan's central office as a telephonist. Later she was trained in bookkeeping and is now an assistant bookkeeper — and very happy. "Though polio victims continue to need Ilan's help, today's big chal-

lenge is C.P. There are now about 4,000 C.P. children in Ilan's care, and about 150 more are born each year. Many are also mentally retarded and need special schools, sheltered workshops and even residential care as adults. Ilan is now building a residence for C.P. adults — many of whom have until now been forced to live in a wing of an old age home in Hadara.

So far, there is only one day nursery for C.P. children and it is overcrowded, with a waiting list. "If we can get to these children early enough," Mrs. Dubiner said, "we can give them some sort of education, even those who are severely retarded. But to do that we need more space."

Those C.P. children who are able to continue their education are sent to special schools which Ilan operates in Tel Aviv, Jerusalem and Haifa. Ilan also provides "Ex-cuteones" — expensive pieces of

equipment which "connect" (via a 4,000 C.P. children in Ilan's care, and about 150 more are born each year. Many are also mentally retarded and need special schools, sheltered workshops and even residential care as adults. Ilan is now building a residence for C.P. adults — many of whom have until now been forced to live in a wing of an old age home in Hadara.

MRS. Dubiner, who has been the driving force behind Ilan, is modest about her own part in the organization, preferring that publicity and honour be given to others. "I got involved in this," she reluctantly answered my question, "because I came here in 1950 with three small children and everyone asked me how I could bring children here when the country was suffering polio epidemics."

"I started to become involved with the problem and saw there was a need for a voluntary organization, because the government had too

many other problems and could not act quickly enough. Besides, some women sew well and others knit well; my talent is organization... But even if I am a driving force, an organization is like an army. Without our thousands of dedicated volunteers and professional workers around the country, nothing would have been accomplished." Ilan's efforts and positive philosophy encourage the handicapped youth.



Betty Dubiner at the Ilan Sports Club for the handicapped.

As a matter of fact, you're shaving every morning without lather.

If you're one of those who finish shaving with one stroke of the blade — you are lucky. If not — you've got a problem. Because with the first stroke everything goes smoothly. The blade skims the lather, takes off some of the whiskers and all of the lather. If by now you've finished your shaving — then any cream will do. But in reality it isn't that easy.



To get a close shave you've got to go over "problematic" areas 4 to 5 times.

In those areas you can't easily get rid of all the whiskers in the first shave. You use the blade and then feel your face with your fingertips. If it isn't smooth you use the blade again, and then your fingertips... and your blade again... sometimes 4 to 5 times. And all this to no avail. The blade has taken the lather off in the first shaving.



To get a close shave (and not shave the skin off) you've got to add lather 4 to 5 times.

When you shave without lather the blade is hurting the skin. There is a solution: add lather several times. But since you won't do it we've found another solution: Lanolin.

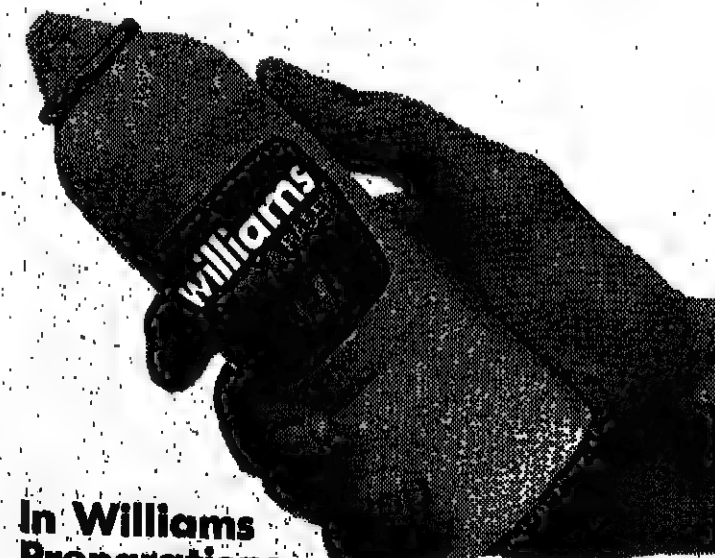
Lanolin: A Softening Agent

Lanolin is a natural ingredient that penetrates the skin, softens it and nourishes it. Lanolin's characteristics make it an indispensable ingredient in shaving preparations. Lanolin protects your skin from the blade's sharp edges. It acts even after the lather is off. In nourishing the skin it prepares it for the next shaving.



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When you're using Williams shaving cream you're putting two layers on your face: one containing several active ingredients (existing in other shaving creams) and another invisible layer with a Lanolin base that promotes a smoother blade movement even after the foam is off.



In Williams Preparations the Lanolin acts after the foam is off.

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Hero in Puerto Rico

By Shulamit P. Korn

Special to The Post

DR. Moshe Gross... was one of the heroes who with dedication and sacrifice took care of our brothers during the time of tragedy and pain... His nobility and altruism... entitle him to our deepest everlasting gratitude... He will be recorded in history... as a man of science and exceptional human characteristics.

THE object of this fulsome praise, a handsome blond and blue-eyed 23-year-old sabra, is somewhat more modest about the whole thing.

"I really didn't do anything exceptional. Only my duty as a medical student and a human being. And he shouldn't have called me 'doctor.' I'm still only in my final year."

"He" was the mayor of the Puerto Rican town of Hatillo, whose citation was only one of the many honours accorded to Moshe Gross during his visit to the island last autumn. And it all stemmed from the fact that he was on duty at the Tel Hashomer Hospital on the night of May 30, 1972 — the night of the Lod Airport massacre.

When the ambulances started bringing in the wounded, Moshe Gross was called on to give first aid to a 17-year-old boy who was in critical condition. Four of the assassin's bullets had hit him, in his right eye, his liver, a lung and a leg. Four operations were performed, but little hope was held out for Ernesto del Gado, who had been given the trip to Israel as a matriculation present by his wealthy industrialist father.

Moshe volunteered to look after the boy, and for three days and nights never left his side. Then the father arrived, together with the family doctor, Dr. Alberto Folch. The latter was full of praise for all the hospital staff; but for Moshe's dedication he could hardly find words. He said, though, "If Ernesto survives, you will have to come to visit us in Puerto Rico."

Ernesto not only survived but, with the residence of youth, was ready to go home with his father a few weeks later. "We'll see you in the course of an election campaign."

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again soon," they told Moshe as they bid him a warm farewell.

He did not dream just how soon it would be.

In mid-August he went to New York for a summer course on cardiology. When he arrived there, he found waiting not only a first class return ticket to Puerto Rico, but a refund of his fare from Israel to the United States. He boarded the first Jumbo jet available dressed in the blue jeans, open-necked shirt and Billat sandals in which he had left home.

Dignitaries waited
From the moment he landed at San Juan Airport ("Dr. Gross? No, not that way, that's for ordinary passengers. This way please.") He was treated like a hero — dignitaries waiting to give him an official welcome in the VIP lounge, a band, many of the other Puerto Ricans wounded at Lod waiting with Ernesto and Dr. Folch to greet him, and a veritable army of journalists, photographers, and TV and radio reporters.

"Nobody could have been more surprised at it all than I was," he says. "And what bothered me was the casual way I was dressed."

Next day it was all over the media: "Young Israeli sabra doctor who saved the life of a Puerto Rican boy."

He was recognized wherever he went. Strangers came up to him in the street and shook hands with him. "I never knew that people could be so generous in their praise."

Moshe was the guest of the del Gado family at their home in Hatillo, a couple of hours' drive from San Juan, the capital, and it was the town's young priest, Padre Miguel Ferrer, and Dr. Folch who took him under their wing and made all the arrangements for the reception, the dining and the entertainment that were showered on him.

The day after his arrival they fitted him out with an elegant wardrobe. Then Dr. Folch gave him the keys of his car so that he could drive himself around to look at the town and the countryside. He asked, however, that Moshe be back by lunchtime, so that he could see the Governor of Puerto Rico, Luis Ferré, who was visiting Hatillo in the course of an election campaign.

Governor insists

They went to the main square, where a crowd of about 4,000 was assembled to hear the Governor speak. Moshe watched him mount the platform and go up to the microphone, and could hardly believe his ears when he heard, in English: "Is Dr. Moshe Gross here? I want to meet him."

Dr. Folch led the astonished young man up to the platform, where the Governor embraced and kissed him on both cheeks.

"I know you are here on a pri-

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GERVAI
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Tel Aviv, Tel. 226724

vate visit," he said, "but we, the people of Puerto Rico, want you to know and feel how much we appreciate what you have done by your altruistic behaviour with our wounded, and through you we want to thank the Tel Hashomer Hospital and all the people of Israel."

Then Governor Ferré invited Moshe to an official dinner. Among his innumerable engagements, official and unofficial, was a visit to a U.S. Army base as guest of the general in command and another to the American Junior College at Hato, where he gave a talk on Israel to 350 students. Here, as in his meeting with a well-known young socialist leader in San Juan, he was surprised to find how little people knew about Israel, and how eager they were to learn.

"You cannot imagine how much it means when people say to you: 'I really didn't know that Israel was in fact a socialist society with such great socialist reforms to her credit.' But," he added regretfully, "you have a bad feeling that we are lagging a long way behind the Palestinian propaganda, which is widespread wherever you go."

It was on the second day of his visit that Moshe had a telephone call from Mrs. Yvonne de Rothschild, the leader of the IJCA campaign in Puerto Rico, who told him that the Jewish community was deeply offended at having to learn about his arrival from the press and broadcast media. It took all Moshe's diplomacy to explain that he had had no idea of what was in store for him when he accepted an invitation for a purely private visit. Before the conversation was finished he had accepted another invitation — to be the guest of the community in the capital for a week.

Revelation

To the young sabra, the San Juan community was a revelation. Numbering about 1,000, and most of them very well off (half of them are refugees from Cuba, the rest come from the U.S.), they received him with unforgettable warmth. All the Jewish shops he was taken to visit pressed gifts on him. When he protested to Mrs. de Rothschild that he could accept no more (until another suit from one of San Juan's most exclusive stores) she told him: "You must take everything they give you, otherwise they'll be offended."

Dr. Ely Ross, the leader of the community, with whom he stayed over Shabbat, said, "We need a young fellow just like you from Israel to help us educate our youngsters in the right Israeli spirit."

At the end of the week he returned to Hatillo, where the Lions and Rotary clubs had organized a grand farewell celebration which



Moshe Gross receives his citation in Hatillo from Ernesto del Gado, father of the wounded boy.

was attended by all the town's leading personalities, many friends he had made, and all the Lod casualties who could manage to get there. It was here that the Mayor, Ramon Velazquez, presented his citation to "Dr. Moshe Gross, Guest of Honour, young Sabra, Doctor of Medicine in Israel."

Back home at his final year's studies, Moshe Gross is now eagerly awaiting the visit of the del Gado family, Dr. Folch and Padre Ferrer, who have accepted invitations to come to Israel as guests of the State for the Independence Day Parade. As he recalls his time in Puerto Rico, he says:

Ornamental plaque

"That was at the beginning of September, but Moshe's Hatillo hosts insisted on bringing him back from New York again to take part in the 25th Anniversary celebrations arranged by Israel in San Juan. This time it was the Deputy Governor of Puerto Rico whom Moshe met, and whom he watched presenting to Mr. Olami, the Israeli consul in Washington, an ornamental plaque from Puerto Rico to the Tel Hashomer Hospital 'in gratitude for

the dedicated medical care given to the Puerto Rican wounded after the massacre in Tel Aviv."

"It was a great experience to see how kind and generous people can be towards us, and how wonderful the Jews in the Diaspora are in their great love for Israel. And with a wistful note in his voice he adds: 'I've learned from it how important it really is to be kind and attentive to people. I believe that our image in the world would improve greatly if all Israelis would take this lesson to heart — especially my fellow sabras.'"

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...away from home

By Hadassah Bat Haim

DIRECTED by a nurse to take a look at the very latest addition to the family, I stop at the one which bears a striking resemblance to a very good-looking cousin and remark complacently to the other grandmas that it's a funny thing but there has never been an ugly child in our family. Naturally she agrees and we hang dutifully over the crib until driven away by the sister, who points out the name on the label which is not only nothing to do with us, but does not even denote the right sex.

We are both reluctant to accept the bright yellow monkey-faced infant presented to us. Hastily we both review our ancestry to see if we have any Far Eastern connections and acknowledge the obvious truth of our descent from alman sources. After a day or two, however, her colour turns to that of an American Red Indian and then becomes further modified till eventually she shows distinct signs of approaching the expected standards in looks if not in behaviour.

Dirty plasticine

Her face still gives the impression of having been devised hastily from a rather dirty lump of plasticine, but I do not of course say so, neither to the other grandmas whom I suspect has the same opinion but is chary of voicing it, nor to her besotted parents who, though they pretend an impartiality, are secretly convinced that she is a combination of Cleopatra and Helen of Troy.

We all agree that she has a certain air of alertness, it is not an exaggeration to call it intelligence, which distinguishes her from the other babies. This sense will certainly give her a much better start in life than the possession of the mere beauty that will be hers later on anyway, as we have never had an ugly child.

There is a certain cognisance in the way she peers through the slits of her eyelids, undoubtedly a sign

of early maturity and the way she almost lifts her head at less than a week old is nothing short of remarkable. The paediatrician agrees with me fully, and so do all the other grandparents when we cluster round the cots for the daily few minutes inspection that the hospital grudgingly allows, friends at the nursery have similar

after I have meted out the conventional admiration due to their unimpressive progeny.

Her brother Jonathan greets her advent with indifference. He is prepared to concede that she may develop into some recognizable species later on and lots of his friends at the nursery have similar

appendages at home, so it seems an all right thing to have. But he is reserving judgement.

He would have preferred the family to acquire some new motor cars to augment the several scores piled in boxes, in every corner and always underfoot, but he has already learnt, even at four —

being brilliantly clever as well as astoundingly handsome — that adult values are strange and illogical. As he is also an affectionate boy he is prepared to put up with our aberrations and welcomes his new sister with restrained enthusiasm. I could wish the rest of us were so sensible.

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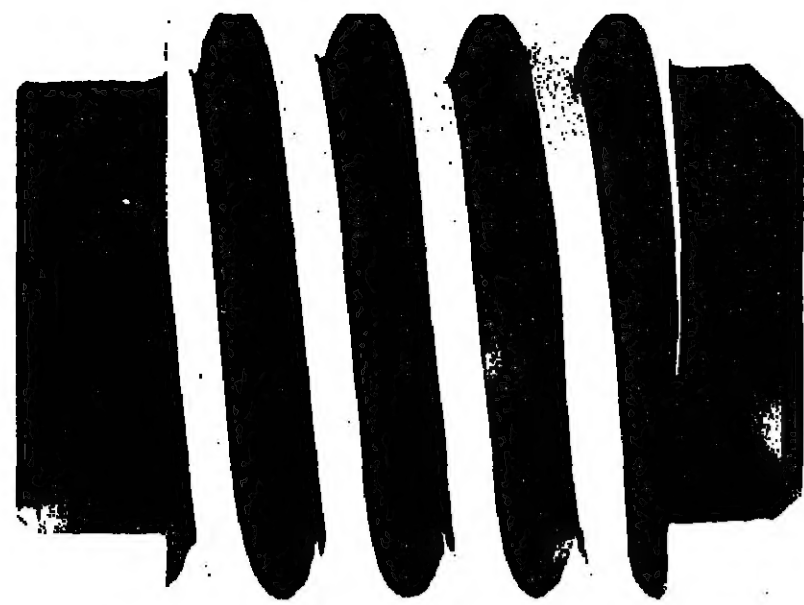
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"The Screen," shaped and raised canvas by Pinhas Eshet.

Lively double at J'lem Artists House

By Meir Rommen

INNOVATION has increasingly become a sine qua non of modern art. The artist who is the first to do something completely new, invariably makes his mark, no matter how limited his talents. The innovators — and some lesser talents casting around desperately for something new — have long sought to break the confines of that inevitable rectangular hole, the canvas. Some, like America's Frank Stella, helped lead the way out of the rectangle and into the "shaped" canvas. Earlier, Italy's Castellani had discovered he could make fascinating and subtle designs by stretching his canvas over upright nails and nailing down the canvas in between. Holland's Schoonhoven has gone England's Ben Nicholson one better in devising multi-surfaced works of white painted cardboard. For the last few years Israel's Pinhas Eshet, a Dizengoff prize-winner and teacher of sculpture at the Bezalel Academy, has been experimenting with shaped and three-dimensional canvases. His latest works are now on show at the Jerusalem Artists House.

Eshet's canvases are mostly framed in the conventional rectangle but grow forward out of it like a geometrical frieze (firmly held by concealed armatures). Sometimes the shapes come to points, at others to squares or graceful spiral cylinders. All except one ("The Screw") are hard-edge abstracts built on a geometrical progression or symmetry, using only three or four flat, contrasting colours. The colour is usually a function of the shape but where it fails in this task the effect is often satisfying. Nor is Eshet a colourist; an essential requirement in this sort of painting; he tends to stick to the same red whatever the combination and many of his colours are chemically incompatible. His surfaces, evidently acrylic mixed with glass medium, is also too opaque, so that the canvases do not "breathe." But a few of them, notably No. 13, really work and the whole show constitutes a welcome, lively display of invention. It is some time since the Jerusalem Artists House has looked anything like a part of the international art scene.

ASAPH Ben Menahem's show, concurrently at the Jerusalem Artists House, is just as impressive, though it could not be more different. A 33-year-old artist and philosophy graduate of the Hebrew University, Menahem has spent five years studying art in California, partly at the Otis Institute. His large, circular format, pen-drawings are a strange mixture of American landscape in the Wyeth tradition and the metaphysical, apocalyptic, death-haunted tradition of German expressionism, from medieval wood-



Sticking by Asaph Ben Menahem

cuts to today's fantastic realism. Ben Menahem combines realistic (but never tight) renderings of houses, landscapes and birds in unusual, almost surrealist compositions that make the most of white space in adding to the tensions in the designs; at other times he sketches attractive pen drawing and renders graveyard scenes in strongly hatched pen strokes. It is in the few etchings on show however that he rises to real heights. Some of them contain fantastic allegorical figures, but the best are those in which it is almost impossible to guess at the subject and yet where a feeling of both power and dread are projected. The artist may not be an innovator, but he is a striking demonstration of the value (and indeed the necessity) of possessing a singular artistic personality.



Illuminated Cube by Asaph Ben Menahem (Jerusalem Artists House)

GALLERY GUIDE

JERUSALEM

DAVID SHAPIRO — Miniature portraits in pencil and paint and often a combination of both on tiny pieces of canvas-board framed in a manner that gives these slight, almost cartoon-like works rather more importance than they deserve. Shapiro's deliberately naive manner has the touch of the contemporary English illustrator but his approach is end-lessly repetitive; none of these works are carried beyond an easy solution (Engel Gallery) till Mon. 10 p.m.

FICASSO — remarkable collection of 350 graphics in two-part show (Israel Museum). From Sun. 8.30 p.m. till Feb. 12.

RAFFI LAVIE — 21 paintings, from skilled abstract-expressionism to near nihilism, a decade's work by one of Israel's most influential painters (Israel Museum). Till Feb. 12.

FRANK BERNHEIMER — Drawings and watercolours, abstract, almost biomorphic abstractions (Israel Museum) till Feb. 12.

EDWARD KNEEL — Paintings by recent arrival from Russia (Artists House). From Sun. 8.30 p.m. till Feb. 12.

SHATZ GROUP — Mostly Jerusalem painters of varied persuasions, (Shatz Gallery) till Feb. 12.

NAIVE PAINTERS — Works by Yehoshua Kohnfeld, Shalom of Sade and Angela Soliman (Kohnfeld, Beit Agnon) and by Shaulfeld (Belgium House, H.U. Campus) till Feb. 12.

DUBIE ARIE — One-day show by artist from Rha'ar Hagolan (Brit Residence, 11 Hameyasudim, Beit Hachinukha) till Feb. 12.

GINETTE NISBAKI — Recent paintings. (Nora Gallery, 2 Maimon). From tomorrow till Feb. 12.

TEL AVIV

THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM — Main building: Permanent exhibition of Israeli painting and sculpture, the largest and most comprehensive in the country. Contemporary Swiss painting, "Art and Science" by a more condensed version of the popular semi-permanent exhibition. Alma painting, drawings and prints and Yehoshua Kohnfeld's drawings, Holzer, Holzer's Pavilion.

HANNA LIPSHITZ — An Israeli, living abroad for many years, successfully "paints" the best of a large selection of abstract tapestries. Utilizing new mechanical techniques not limited by hand needwork, she adheres to the precept of abstract expressionism in its fullest sense. Paralleling Jackson Pollock et al, she works directly, without sketches, by throwing, laying or placing coloured wools on a fabric backing and builds up chromatic schemes that have an endless variety of motion and visual texture. Avoiding all realism, symbolism is achieved through colour associations coupled with a delicate handling of line and mass. Usually fully coloured, a few hangings are composed of black and white and elicit a curious primordial feeling, a smoky (transmogrification) of nerve ends from which is born form and life. On close observation one detects silvery greens and violet threads woven into the solid black, strengthening its density and adding to its luminosity. One can only marvel at the infinite transparencies and chromatic subtleties that allow for visual richness and enjoyable viewing. (Merrill's Museum, 15 Barliana St., Merialia) Till Feb. 12.

SERGE SPITZER — A young artist recently arrived from Romania now studying at Bezalel. On view are a series of illuminated, abstract glass cubes precisely-filled with aluminium bands. Without resorting to adhesives the bands curve, loop and undulate because of their inherent tensile capacities and despite



Painting by Moshe Avni (New Gallery, Tel Aviv)

being contained within a geometric form, approximate the baroque. Soft light emanating from the base hits the aluminium, is absorbed, then re-emitted and houses and the surrounding space. Observing cube No. 1 from above, cool blue light mingles with the edges of gray metal and evokes a quiet satisfaction, almost a sleepy hypnosis, but when viewed from the side, back lighting flares around the new form of the cube, revealing of aluminium completely changing the mood, design and environmental character. A good inventive show has a young man. (Mabot Gallery, 2 Gordon St.) Till Feb. 12.

MOSE AVNI — Titled "Horses and People," this painting is painted in radiant complementary colours brushed over explicitly defined areas. Arriving at a simplification and flatness of form, Avni's horses and people are depicted in a way that is both simple and complex. (Gordon St.) Till Feb. 12.

THE BLUE RIDER — group of 50 years ago, Avni lightly interlocks angular (horses and people) and the subject matter creating extreme frontal space and negligible plasticity. Atmosphere is also defined chromatically leaving us with pictures rich in surface design and void of positive negative relation. This is a good partner to the emphatically symbolic colour that tends to be heavily expressive. The work is well controlled by a careful balance of the rich reds, lime greens and ochre blues. Basically, the content is a collection of the artist's kibbutz upbringing and, therefore, idyllic in nature but a certain quiet romanticism is felt and admired. (New Gallery, 2 Gordon St.) Till Feb. 12.

SELECTED DRAWINGS — by five Israeli artists familiar to the gallery scene. HOFSTETTER and AVIVAM URI in their usual styles; the former in a more expressive, gestural, and gregarious, yet unadorned arabesque and personal idiosyncrasy. PINCHAS COHEN-GAN shows a number of etched sheets, the best being a solid, velvety black background with chalk-white angular strokes radiating from the center. MENACHEM KATZ shows a series of drawings on the telephone directory and invites the viewer to complete the drawings by placing colored chalk at the base of the strokes. These drawings by KATZ are beautifully done and are the best in the show. By changing the density, value and direction of the strokes, abstract lines are transformed into waves of grass that move in slow uncoordinated time as if influenced by physical forces and atmospheric electricity. Worth a visit. (Yodiat Gallery, 190 Dizengoff St.) Till Feb. 12.

VERONICA NISBAKI — A new arrival in Israel, the artist was trained in Budapest and Paris. On view are a series of paintings of various sizes, some in oil and some in watercolor, showing a range of subjects from abstract to figurative. (Mabot Gallery, 2 Gordon St.) Till Feb. 12.

MALVINA KAPLAN — A devoted collector shows watercolours and etched media as well as illustrative miniatures. Actively painted, the abstractions are usually calligraphic, having to read beginning and end, but rather a central sense of hyper-activity. Nos. 4 and 7 have masses of gold, blue and red defined as rhythmic, unstable elements that receive compositional support from linear strokes of a calligraphic nature. The miniatures are brightly coloured to the point of insouciance. (Dagat Gallery, 4 Frishman St.) Till Feb. 12.

TEL AVIV PAINTERS — Highlights of otherwise mundane show are shaped constructions by Moshe Berenson and interiors by Liliane Klapshel. (Tel Aviv Artists House, 9 Ahariel) till March 4.

BROSHANA FINKELSTEIN — Paintings, drawings and watercolours. (Kibbutz Beit Agnon, Old Tel.) till Feb. 12.

ADINA KAMAL — Paintings by Druse artist. (Cultural House for Youth, Kfar Hahai). Till Feb. 12.

ALLEN GURSON — Drawings and paintings. (G.A. Museum, 1 Daniel Frish St.) till Feb. 12.

AVI MOSHE — Paintings: Chamael Rabin, Chamael Rabin (Ramat Gan); MARTIN JONAS — Paintings by Yugoslav folk artist. (Ramat Gan) till Feb. 12.

SHOSHANA KATZ — Paintings by a young woman. (Mabot Gallery, 2 Gordon St.) till Feb. 12.

BLUM — Inner landscapes. AVIVA KATZ — Inner landscapes. (Mabot Gallery, 2 Gordon St.) till Feb. 12.

HAIFA

SHALOM KVELLEK, drawings, PINHAS MOSSBAUM, drawings, and YEHOSHUA KATZ, drawings. (Kibbutz Beit Agnon, Old Tel.) till Feb. 12.

HAIFA

NANUK GUTMAN — Exhibition of Terracotta. (Museum Haaretz, Open. Feb. 7).

MOSE AVNI — Exhibition of Terracotta. (Museum Haaretz, Open. Feb. 7).

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AN EXCELLENT CHOICE; AN INTERESTING LIFE



AMOS Ettinger's decision to devote "This is your life" to a woman was good in principle and excellent in practice. Phyllis Paigi proving to be an ideal star for a show of this kind: extrovert, excited, transparently delighted by the opportunity to be a queen for a few hours, yet never sinking into the quagmires of sentimentality. Her surprise at finding herself suddenly the object of the exercise instead of being a participant in a panel devoted to Moroccan Jewry was obviously genuine and was very amusing, although she looked somewhat taken aback when Amos explained with his customary candour that he had selected her because she was neither famous nor even widely known.

The programme got off to a rollicking start when Brother Elias, now a monk in the Stella Maris monastery on Mt. Carmel, proved to be the Capetown Jew named Jack Freedman who had first directed Phyllis' young footsteps on the road to Zion; when she was 11 or 12, he and his sister Bertha lured her into a Young Zionist movement. Her Romeo and Juliet feud-firthing with Betanir Raphael Kottlowitz, when she was a fervent Zionist Socialist, was certainly amusing to me, since I recalled how strongly we felt about such things in South Africa. For some strange reason, the Jewish community there has always attached quite unwarranted importance to the views of Jabotinsky and his successors.

Despite her views, when she and Reggie (Mordcheai) Kidron were arrested by the British next to the Jewish Agency building when it was blown up by I.Z.L., she delivered a passionate speech explaining the motives of the terrorists, until Reggie ("already a diplomat," she said) told her to shut up.

Also interesting was her work about Cape Coloureds living on the Cape Flats, and her reconciliation of Zionism and socialism. Dr. Jack Freedman got to Israel via World War II, London and conversion to Christianity — we gathered from Phyllis that his Livak origin still manifests itself in an extraordinary ability to sell pictures of his monastery to tourists. She reached the Promised Land at a time when certificates were reserved for Jews in Europe, through service in the U.N. Refugee Organisation in Sinai and Egypt.

Very vividly she described both her delight when Levi Avrahami offered her a chance to die for her country, by becoming a spy in Cairo, and her indignation when Joel Paigi (later to become her husband) said "Get that girl out of here," while he discussed spy secrets with a colleague, despite her protests that she was one of "us," and her ecstasy when she met a real live person from Nahalal, mother of the moshavim.

The programme was rather broken up, technically by a long Arabid Nights interlude devoted

to the magic carpet transport of Iraqi Jews, throughout which she was only a marginal performer, and sat looking rather like an upstaged star. I can see why Amos did it — he had gone to all the expense of bringing Milt Lang from Oklahoma, and he had Minister of Police Shlomo Hillel in the audience, and so he had to use them. But this interruption, although absorbing in itself, was regrettable, because the concluding section, her anthropological work among Sephardi immigrants, was perhaps the most original and unusual aspect of her story.

I could easily have waited for the Cabinet Minister until another occasion, so as to hear more from the wise man who exorcised ghosts; from the lawyer who defended a Yemante who used a knife to eradicate an evil spirit (incidentally killing the man possessed); from the extremely attractive Moroccan settlers; and from Phyllis herself on her efforts to bring the newcomers the benefits of Kupat Holim. Her story of the young Moroccan, hearing she wanted to study him, producing a knife — and then an orange, of which he offered her a slice — was a gem.

Her medical conclusion that people should use both modern medicine and the witch-doctor was eminently sound; I know somebody who wears her Kupat Holim stamps around her neck on a chain, as an amulet to ward off evil spirits, while she engages doctors privately when in need.

One of Amos' questions nearly rocked the boat — he asked what aspect of her life had not borne fruit. We saw her reviewing her sins in a pensive way, while she wondered how much he knew. Equally manifest was her relief when he explained that he was referring to the loss of her thesis for a doctorate.

Perhaps because I was a member of the "in" group, for a change, this seemed to me to be one of the best programmes in the series.

He never had the slightest difficulty in dealing with such questions as why he had wanted to negotiate with the Egyptians in 1948, even at the risk of delaying the declaration of statehood; why he worked so long in Europe and America rather than Israel; why he did not seek to express his views through the conventional Israeli party structure.

His answers were often baffling and sometimes successfully devious — his charm enabled him to get away with murder. In the first place (unlike Golda, according to him), he readily admitted that he often made mistakes. But he still doubted whether he had erred in trying to get statehood by peaceful negotiation rather than war — perhaps peace would have been better? B.G. himself

which ever his sick salesmanship could find no buyers.

But on he went — with answers, of sorts for everything, and charm to spare.

THE "25 Years Ago" feature generally deals with a section of history about which I have very little knowledge, and so cannot comment on the authenticity of the work we are seeing. But the 25th anniversary of the blowing up of The Palestine Post on January 31, 1948, dealt with events with which many of the people with whom I work are all too familiar, and of which I have heard and read a great deal. It was an appalling performance.

It was an appalling performance.

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